BOOKS

By Joseph Blake Williamson

The Valley of Yesterday---Poems

Memorial Edition, Illustrated, Price $1.00.

TO FOLLOW LATER, D. V.

The Soul of The Pioneer.

A History of Early Days on Rushcreek.

The Son of A Prodigal.

The Lost Trapper of Swamp Island.

Scouting For Gold.

A B. S. Story.

Old Trails.

A Story of Fort Pitt.

The Last of the Buckskin Men

THE VALLEY OF YESTERDAY

POEMS

BY

JOSEPH BLAKE WILLIAMSON

MEMORIAL EDITION

1922

GEORGE E. KALB,
PRINTER,
RUSHVILLE, OHIO.

TO THE MEMORY

OF

JENNIE LOVE WILLIAMSON

My sweetheart, comrade, wife of the yesterdays; my loved and lost, but loved one still, who shared the bitter-sweets of a Pastor's life for twenty years, and made my poor efforts to seem worth while by her gentle helpfulness and loyal devotion; whose life was a benediction, whose love was a coranation, whose death was a glorification, whose memory an inspiration—to her, my sainted invisible companion,

I lovingly dedicate this volume.

J. B. W.

West Rushville, Ohio, 1922.

PREFACE

POETRY is the heart's truest sweetest expression of its deepest feelings—like the swing of the scythe, the murmur of the breeze, the throb of the ocean, it measures out its soul in gentle melody or mighty thunder. Poetry is the language of music, of love, of laughter and tears, of adoration and worship.

The poems contained in this book come from the Valley of Yesterday, and are written that those who read them may better love their home, though humble and lowly, and to cherish more the hearts that beat true for them; to transfigure the commonplace and to put a halo on the every day duties that often seem scarcely worth while.

These poems are sermons in song, and some of them were wrung from a soul while spending the last hours of two cold nights by the casket that held a form whose worth poor words can never express. Others were written in days of sweet companionship when the Valley of Yesterday was full of sunshine and song.

They cover a period of over twenty years, and some of them have brot cheer and comfort to many hearts.

In an old manse, shepherding a little flock of God's calling, waits one who has learned to love the yesterdays for old time's sake and out of the shadows come trooping a host of sweet memories that are living in the hearts of the poems I trust you will find a blessing.

Your friend,

W.

Introduction

[The Glory of Taj Mahal]

A PRINCE of India stood beside
The death-bed of best beloved:
He had priceless jewels—wealth untold;
He would give it all to stay Death's hand.
What cared he now for gems or gold.

His princess said, as the end drew near,
"Dear heart when I from you have gone
Let not the love-light die:
Some fond memorial let there be
Our true heart's love to magnify.

A beauteous temple stands today
In memory of that royal wife;
The fairest building in all the world,
And thousands there in homage fall
In reverence to that noble love—
The glory of Taj Mahal.

Yet not the marble rare is it
That glorifies that hallowed place,
Nor artist's work that there adorns
Do the peoples' hearts enthrall;
But the love so true that ne'er forgets,
Is the glory of Taj Mahal.

This monument in love I leave
In memory of that one
Whose love unfailing still lives on—
To her who loved by all
This little shrine I humbly rear:
My Princess—my Taj Mahal.

November 19, 1922.

CONTENTS

CONTENTS

CONTENTS

CONTENTS


BSA

THE VALLEY OF YESTERDAY

(Written by her grave August 18, 1922)

NESTLING away 'mong the hills of the years,
Is the vale of Eternal things:
Immortal flowers are ever in bloom,
The song ne'er dies, nor the sun go down—
And our thots have golden wings.

Lovers rejoice to walk in the place,
Tho feeble and old, there's delight,
And those who have lost, oft come,
Where memories cluster like flowers rare—
And dawn never trails into night.

'Tis the Valley of Yesterday that I mean—
As I sit with my Loved at her grave
Where flowers nod and the covering sod
Leads my thots to that valley, I dream—
And undying for-get-me-nots wave.

There are many things in that valley we love,
With it mingling of joy and tears.
There are rare keepsakes that home-ties make—
Like priceless jewels are guarded there,
In the valley of yester-years.

The sweet things of life can never be lost;
Nor the passing years wipe away,
Tho the grave-grass grows in silent repose,
We are left to weep where they seem to sleep—
There is something more left than clay.

Out of the gloaming a sweet voice comes,
And the old love-touch is mine
When I walk in the Valley of Yesterday,
The old love never is far away—
For memory never dies with time.

THE LITTLE HANDS THAT WORKED FOR ME

The little hands that worked for me—
  They did it all so patiently;
Thru pain and much anxiety
  They toiled right on, tho tremblingly.

The little hands that worked for me—
  I never can repay—I see
They did it oftime thanklessly:
  But always, Oh, so patiently.

The little hands that worked for me—
  They always did it beautifully:
They wrought a soul of love so free,
  And did it all so willingly.

The little hands that worked for me
  Are folded now so silently;
Their work here done: I bide a wee.
  I miss their touch—I cling to thee.

May 5, 1922.

MISSED

JOSEPH BLAKE WILLIAMSON
TO
JENNIE LOVE WILLIAMSON
(Glorified and living still)

MISSED as flowers miss the sunshine,
As bees miss the clover bloom.
Missed as the heart would the blood flow,
As the bird song of the noon.

Missed: the sound of your foot fall,
And the beaming of your face.
Missed: and among earth blessings
Nothing can take your place.

Missed: and the heart is aching
A wearying for you.
Missed: great God, how lonesome!
'Till now, I never knew

How much of my life was yours, dear,
How much of your life was mine.
Now I know, but its missing, missing—
And I long for you all the time.

MISSED

Missed: but now in God's presence
  You are happy and glad and free,
And I'm joyous to know, little dearest,
  That you don't have to thus miss me,

For the one who goes is joyous;
  The one who remains alone
Must bear the dreary hours,
  The heartache and the moan.

Missed: and your'e not coming back,
    dear,
  Your merry laugh is still.
Gone, but never forgotten,
  And I must wait until

The gate that opened for you, love,
  Shall outward swing for me—
In a world where nothing is missing
  You wait to welcome me.

March 25, 1922

THE AFTERGLOW

WHEN the sun of a life goes down
In its maze of crimson and gold,
And the daylight fades to the darker shades
With the on-march of the cold.

A radience still must linger
Where love full-orbed did show,
And the West be light with radiance bright
The beams of the Afterglow.

The world too soon forgets
The warmth of the glorious sun,
'Till the evening creeps and the love-light sleeps
And another day is done.

But love is not forgeting:
Though the sun goes down, we know
A light shines still from behind the hill—
'Tis the gleam of the Afterglow.

Dear heart, forget not at sunset
That light shall shine right on,
Though the sun goes down with its golden crown
There's the confidence of dawn.

In its heart of hearts is a new day
That sleep is a friend, not a foe,
From the great God sent, so, be content;
'Tis Love makes the AFTERGLOW.

BETTER FARTHER ON

[This poem the little wife took with her to the hospital along with her Bible. She died, but then it was still true, for it was "better farther on."]

TAKE this message for the NEW YEAR,
  And believe it all along;
Tho' your faith be some times weakened,
  "It is better farther on."

Sing it when the day is dreary,
  Sing it when you feel alone,
Live it so the world may learn it;
  "It is better farther on."

Breathe it out in times of suffering;
  When death calls a loved one home,
Let its brightness cheer thy sorrow;
  "It is better farther on."

Rough the way may be you're treading,
  Feel thy hand within His drawn,
Hear Him whisper words of comfort:
  "It is better farther on."

Better days may seem long coming;
  They will come—sing thy brave song,
And believe it: 'Tis God's promise,
  "It is better farther on."

BETTER FARTHER ON

Better? Yes, in spite of shadows;
First the darkness—then the dawn,
Just remember, God is leading,
And "It is better farther on."

Peace, Oh, heart, bide thou in patience,
Skies will brighten now er'e long:
Come what will, keep on thy singing;
"It is better farther on."

West Rushville, Ohio, 1922.

THE GARDEN OF PAIN

(By her coffin, March 27, 1922, 4:30 A. M.)

I walked in the Garden of Pain
Where tears like dew kissed the flowers,
And then in my grief I found relief
Like the peace of the summer showers.

'Tis, indeed, an old-fashioned Garden
For the Master Himself walked there;
Before the tomb in the morning gloom
He made it a place of prayer.

There grows the pure white lily,
The Master has called it "Faith";
Through the night you will find its fragrance sweet
E'en down to the shadows of Death.

And there grows "Hope", the Star of flowers
By the dear Lord planted there;
When the eyes are dim and the way beset
'Tis good to visit here.

And "Sacrifice" like a blood-red rose—
(The Calvary Plant) is seen,
The Garden has none more beautiful,
'Tis a heaven-born flower, I ween.

There "Love" grows golden and there the best;
For it thrives on the blooms we know
In our veriest Gethsemane
Where the streams of sorrow flow.

There are other flowers we could mention,
That grow in the Garden of Pain;
But you will some time know them,
So, I'll now go back again,

To the one asleep in Jesus,
(For she died in the Garden of Pain)
While I on earth must linger,
I will go again and again,

Where we planted her lovely body
A flower with immortal bloom;
For the life of the old flower garden
Came forth from a garden tomb.

DEAR LITTLE SWEETHEART, I COME

(By her casket, March 26, 1922)

Sweetheart of mine, as I sit by your side
'Tis hard to believe you are gone.
Your beautiful form is cold to my lips
As they meet with my own, and I long
To feel thy loved arms cling again as of yore
And hear your voice speak that is dumb.
You cannot come back, so I'll journey your path,
Dear Little Sweetheart, I come.

Sweetheart of mine, you have yearned maybe oft
For love and a tender caress,
And hungered ofttimes for what I might give,
I now with deep sorrow confess.
I never quite knew the depth of my love
Until your journey was done
And you left me alone: could I only atone;
Dear Little Sweetheart, I come.

Sweetheart, I need you, but stay where you are;
You would love to come at my call,
For you never once failed my unworthy self
Through life; and now after all
I feel that I need you my love, my joy,
For others as dear there are none.
The days are dreary, I'm weary, so weary,
Dear Little Sweetheart, I come.

Sweetheart be waiting: I hope 'twill be soon
I may meet you and greet you again.
God willing, we'll joy and rejoice maybe soon,
And never be parted—so then
Stay near me my angel to guard me from harm
'Till the going down of the sun,
I'll hasten my footsteps and soon be at home,
Dear Little Sweetheart, I come.

ONE SHALL BE TAKEN AND THE OTHER LEFT

(By the side of her casket.)

One shall be taken and the other left,
But why should the best go first?
Because the Lord hath need of them,
And so He leaves the worst
To school and fit for a nobler task
By years of pain and care.
Dear little heart, He took you home
That you may help prepare
The one still here to ready be
For the bright home over there.

One shall be taken and the other left;
Had I gone first I know
Your burden would all too heavy have been,
So I was left below
To bear the pain and loneliness—
You surely had your share;
May your dear hands that did so much
To add to my welfare
Be still employed sometimes for me,
Is my heart's desire and prayer.

ONE SHALL BE TAKEN AND THE OTHER LEFT

One shall be taken and the other left;
'Tis God who makes the choice,
And wise in all His dealings He
Makes no mistake. Our voice
May rise in protest, yet in love
He takes—it is His right.
So, Sweetheart Comrade, thee He took,
And me He left to fight
A few more battles, then I come
To you, and home, and light.

One shall be taken and the other left;
So I must bide a wee.
A wife you were but yesterday
And an angel now to me.
Not glad you're gone, nor glad I'm here,
But since we had to part
I'm glad for your sake, you went first.
My love, my own sweetheart
You'll draw me with cords of love
Till I must too depart.

THE COUCH OF DEATH

(By her coffin, March 26, 1922.)

Dirt! it seems a sorry robe
To cover that form of thine;
Though nature was too poor to give
A blanket, heart of mine,
Woven by angel hands and spread
Upon my precious hallowed dead.

Dirt! but God hath thus made man
From dust, a work sublime:
And so thy covering, oh, my love!
Was wrought for thee by hands divine,
The stuff of which the world was made
And stars and flowers; be not dismayed.

Dirt! 'tis seeming cold to see
Thy body covered so: but then
From that same dust mothered and kept
Like flowers of spring you'll rise again,
Your robe discard for robes of light
God-made also, and pure and white.

FLOWERS

(By her casket, March 26, 1922.)

Say it with flowers, for flowers can speak
Though fragile, voiceless, fading, weak;
Beside thy pall, my love, my own,
They make the casket seem a throne
And bid earth's sorrows to be still.

Say it with flowers! kind hands did give
What you thought precious when you
    did live;
And though among them over there
Kind hearts thus show for you they care
And you must surely know.

Say it with flowers! hear what they say:
I died for you to brighten a day,
Of sacrifice; sweet scented still,
Blossoms, dying, but rooted will
Bloom again: the dead will live.

Say it with flowers, as well as tears,
For both are a comfort: each endears.
The lilies of the field were made
To teach us to be undismayed—
Thus they now speak to me.

IF THOU HADST KNOWN

(By her coffin, March 26, 1922,)

If thou hadst known the sun would set at noontide
And leave thy world to be both dark and lone,
Wouldst thou have left thy labor unaccomplished?
Wouldst been more urgent friend, if thou hadst
known?

If thou hadst known death would come bqickly
stalking
And take away the dearest one, thine own,
Wouldst thou have loved and been a great deal
kinder?
I'm sure I would, if I had only known.

If thou hadst known the hurt a harsh word spoken
Would leave—the blinding tears, the piteous moan
Of anguished heart, wouldst thou have dared have
spoken
If thou hadst really known?

We can not know and our remorse is worthless,
We can't take back the evil we have sown,
Then, O my soul, I'd best be careful, thoughtful,
That I need not repent when too late known.

THE FIRST NIGHT AND THE LAST NIGHT

(By her casket, the last night, March 26, 1922.)

I'm thinking of the first night
I spent with you, my dear,
As it is with you this last night
Beside your casket here.

The first kiss warm with tenderness,
The last one death-cold Love!
Yet this night is more precious,
This last night—all I have.

We'll keep our tryst together,
Old sweetheart, comrade mine,
Though my heart is nearly bleeding,
This all too short last time.

The coffin-lid descending
Will hide your face away,
And they'll put you in the grave, dear,
In just another day.

The sad, sweet hours are fleeting,
The last night soon be gone,
But some time there's a morning
With a day's eternal dawn.

JOURNEYING HOME

(By her casket, March 26, 1922.)

When the little feet went trailing up
The slopes of Zion's hill,
And the precious form was weakening
With pain, my heart did fill,
As loving arms around me wrapt,
The last sweet kiss was given;
Her hands I stroked, her cheek I pressed,
Then the soul slipped into Heaven.

The anguished breath was laboring hard,
As she saw the gates of pearl,
But she must have seen the Savior's face
And visions grand unfurled,
For a look of peace bides on her brow;
She softly fell asleep
As satisfied with all she saw
And I was left alone to weep.

The last trip to the earthly home was
Made in a funeral car;
Far different from the plans we made
E'er death came in to mar
The hopes that thrilled our anxious hearts!
Such home-coming is sad,
But her feet now walk the streets of gold
Where all who walk are glad.

The door is never shut, I read,
Though the grave should hide her form;
The soul back through that open gate
Will come oft as I mourn;
And Heaven is not far away,
So come back, dear to me,
For the road will not be painful now
And I have need of thee.

SORROW

(By her casket, March 25, 1922.)

SORROW! fu' weel dae I ken it,
  For it grappet my verra soul,
An' noo I maun suffer, suffer,
  'Tis mair amaist I can thole.

Sorrow! it came when Deith entered,
  When ma lassie slippet awa',
Ay! I ken it na longer a stranger,
  He took my jewel, my a'.

Sorrow! he's a chiel that's no canny
  Tae maist o' the sons o' men,
Because o' his burthen an' heartaches
He's frien' tae but few, ye ken.

Aiblins the gude God that sends him
  Plans weel, 'tis lo'e bids him come,
An' some gait 'tis gude gin we mingle
And sorrow a great work hath done.

NEAR THOUGH UNSEEN

(By her casket.)

Little Darling, in my dreams I hope to see you,
May I have the sense your spirit hovers near;
For I know you'd climb the jasper walls of Heaven
If I couldn't get along without you here.

You would come though every step to you were
anguish,
You would come beyond the very farthest star,
Come thou near and let me feel your loving presence;
Gone, they say, but I am trusting not gone far.

Spirit once that dwelt within thy precious body
You are living; live forever close to me,
What a comfort just to know death only freed you,
Hovering Spirit, hover near, I've need of thee.

Visions give me from the shadows, O my Father,
Let her spirit hold communion with my own,
'Till the dawn when souls and bodies reunited
Walk all glorious up the streets of that blest home.

WHAT WILL THE MORNING BRING?

[By her coffin, March 27, 3:30 A. M., 1922.]

I watched through the night's dark
shadows
By the one most dear to me,
I wondered and I waited
With eyes that could not see.
The hour was one of crisis
And near death's hovering wing,
I wondered as I waited
What would the morning bring

For me there in the shadow
It turned my Love to clay,
It turned my hopes to ashes,
Took all sweet dreams away.
To her it brought peace, freedom
At the rustle of Death's wing,
And left me without doubting
What would the morning bring.

DEATH AND HIS COMPANIONS

(By her coffin, March 27. The last morn.)

DEATH comes not with a radiant, joyful company,
But with companions of a murdeous mien;
For Pain and Sorrow have not looks of kindness,
Their faces we have learned to fear when seen.

So when they come with Death as their companion,
What torture, groans and bitter, blinding tears!
'Tis hard to watch at this their task of taking
The life you love, how awful it appears!

We wonder why that Peace and Joy might do it,
Bright angels they, why not to them the task;
In dying why must dear ones ever suffer—
God only knows, yet we are bound to ask.

Death, as we see, is true the "King of Terrors;"
He seems well pleased with Pain and Sorrow, so
'Tis hard to see him as God's brightest angel
When he keeps company with such seeming foe.

Yet Death and Pain and Sorrow truly vissioned,
Without the ghastly garb we weave for them,
Are ushers of all that's high and noble
And when well known turn out to be our friends.

THE LOVE THAT GAVE THE THORN

We can scarcely think it kindness
  In the God we've learned to trust,
That our joys oft end in tear drops,
  And hope's diamonds turn to dust.
But we learn our Father's pity
  When our soul is sadly torn;
And the love that sends the roses,
  Is the love that gives the thorn.

We may dread to feel the sorrow,
  And the heartache, and the loss;
Take the burdens placed upon us
  As we bear each one our cross,
But a glory gilds the darkness
  That is peace in calm or storm:
The love that gave the Rose of Sharon
  Is the love that gave the thorn.

Teach us then, O God of mercy,
  That the narrow way is best;
That we must climb the path up hill
  If we would reach the crest.
The rose is sweet and beautiful
  And stately to adorn—
But the rose is always guarded
  By the love that gave the thorn.

February 13, 1922.

I BELIEVE

By her casket, 7:30 A. M.

SOME smile at our Creed
And laugh at our faith,
Yet we know when death draws near,
'Tis joy indeed to have a friend
That is loving and ever dear,
To go with us when loved ones pause,
To guide us thru Death's vale;
To sneer at this is ever to miss
The life-boat in the gale.

I cling to my creed
As a mountain safe,
As a light to guide me home,
And O, my love, since I confidently trust
I know you are not alone.
'Twere worse than twice ten thousand
deaths
To leave thy sacred dust
Without a Creed of faith in God—
I've peace because I trust.

RESIGNATION

(By her coffin and clay, March 27, 3:00 A. M., 1922)

DEAR Lord, I would not murmer,
  Nor would I complain,
Nor doubt Thy wondrous goodness;
  I bless Thy Holy Name
E'en though this cross is heavy
  And hard for me to bear,
Thy presence, O my Helper,
  I know: and Thou dost share.

Thy wisdom and Thy mercy
  Have given me my tears,
And taken that dear loved one,
  Companion of the years.
The Gospel I am preaching
  Comes now to comfort me,
And so, my Lord, my Savior,
  I give my best to Thee.

GO, LEAVE ME ALONE WITH MY DEAD

A MAN in his prime bent over a form
The love and the joy of his life—
His helpmate and comrade in many a storm
Alone she had left him with weary feet worn,
When peace brot a lull in the strife.
The tears flow like rivers of sorrow unloosed
And O, how a broken heart bled,
As he said to his dearest of friends:
"Go, leave me alone with my dead."

He fondled again the hands still and cold,
As with a fond lover's caress—
And longed for the arms once more to enfold,
To circle around his neck as of old
Again sweet words to profess.
The lips O, so silent, the eyes could not beam,
Each moment was precious, the hours were too few—
Go, leave me alone with my dead.

'Twas comfort indeed to sit by her side
To read from God's word and to pray.
To keep that lone vigil thru the night cold and dark
Nor long for the dawn of the day
That should see her enshrouded in Earth.
O sweet precious hours, O fast fleeting hours,
Was it selfish for the poor heart that bled
To covet his treasure and those hours for himself
To be spent alone with his dead?

GOD'S ACRE

QUIETLY tread, speak softly, be mindful!
This place is most sacred of all spots on Earth—
The spot where rests the remains of our loved ones,
Is even more hallowed than the place of our birth.

Pathways that lead to God's acre are trodden
By those who oft come in sorrow and tears—
Bearing a burden of lonely, pained, heaviness;
Yearning for love they have lost with the year.

Little mounds covered with sweet flowers are tokens
Of many a pang, maybe also regret,
That while they were here we might have been
kinder:
Sorrows like these we cannot forget.

Comfort it is to stand at the grave-side,
Comfort it is to weep by the tomb,
Feeling a sense of their presence—a closeness,
That soothes some our sadness and brightens the
gloom.

Mary and Martha weeping and mourning,
Found by the grave-side the dear Friend in tears—
And there He is still with those whose faith see Him ;
Soothing our anguish and quieting fears

May 10, 1022

LOVE FINDS A WAY

[Tune—Believe Me If All Those Endearing Charms.]

When we come to our burdens with hearts sore
perplexed,
And our efforts seem almost in vain;
When the pathway ahead looms distressingly dark,
Each day has its sorrow and pain;
We struggle and seek to go on ahead,
And pray for His guidance each day—
Tho adversities come we must toil on and trust,
For we know well that love finds a way.

Yes, love finds a way tho it needs be a cross,
And a heart that was broken for me;
"Greater love hath no man than this" I am
sure,
And the path lies by Calvary's tree.
Then shun not that Cross for it someone will help,
True love will the price ever pay—
Defeated, it never no never can be,
For always does love find a way.

SIDE BY SIDE

Two little mounds in the grave-yard,
  Where the green grass cover clay;
Side by side awaiting
  The resurrection day.

Side by side they struggled,
  Bore the joy and the smart;
Shared the burdens and blessings,
  Not even death can part.

Two grassy mounds in the grave-yard—
  Two loving souls with God—
For heaven would never be heaven,
  If separate paths they trod.

Out from the dust of the ages,
  Up from the mire and the clay
Two forms shall both rise together
  Side by side then forever—alway.

THE THINGS SHE WORE

THE things she wore are dear to me—
  I often touch them lovingly
And think of her I still adore;
  And see her in these things she wore.

The dress that she was married in—
  The shoes she trod life's path with me:
A thousand things I keep in store,
  Because my little sweetheart wore.

Her coat and hat hang on the rack—
  The tear wet handkerchiefs I see.
Oh, that last trip—my heart is sore,
  I see those things my dearest wore.

Her gloves I often times caress—
  Long for the hand so yearningly;
For her sometimes almost implore,
  When I see what she onetime wore.

Theyr'e empty, true, but memory
    clings—
  So sacred—they belong to me:
Memories mine, tho nothing more
  I want to keep these things she wore.

She'll never need them, still they'll stay
  Mine until Eternity
Ee'n upon yon other shore
  I still may think of the things she
    wore.

May 10, 1922.

ONLY A LITTLE WAY TO GO

She was riding on a city street car,
  That sweet little woman of mine,
When one who was tired and aged
  Getting on, no seat could find:
"Take mine, I'm sure you're welcome,"
  Said my lassie with love aglow,
"Don't mind, I can stand, I've only
  A little way to go."

It was true in more ways than one, friends,
  But I did not know it then—
And now hear ye this message,
  All ye and remember when
You travel this way with the weary,
  In a world that is full of woe,
That now is the time to be mindful—
  You've a little way to go.

ONLY A LITTLE WAY TO GO

The Master was three and thirty
  When He left this vale of tears,
But think of the infinite kindness:
  And that which still endears
Himself and all our loved ones,
  With us in weel or woe
Is their tender, loving kindness.
  Such a little way to go.

May 10, 1922.

NEARER THEE

Come what will of pain or heart-ache,
  Sorrow, loss, what e're it be,
I'll not shun it; no, dear Master,
  If it brings me nearer Thee.

Tho the way be hard and weary,
  And the end I may not see,
I will go that way, tho weeping,
  If it brings me nearer Thee.

That which separates and hinders,
  From it all may I be free,
Like a prisoner loosed from shackles,
  I will nearer come to Thee,

I will kiss the hand that smiteth,
  Tho it nail me to a tree,
And rejoice in crucifixtion,
  If it brings me nearer Thee.

Every traitor's kiss I'll welcome,
  And my dark Gethsemane,
If in all my pangs and burdens,
  I can know I am with Thee.

NEARER THEE

O how sweet the toil and anguish,
  Even death I would not flee,
When I know when all is over,
  I shall be at last with Thee.

May 2, 1913.

"BELIEVE IN GOD"

"What took the smile from your face," He said,
"And robbed your heart of its song?
What gave that look of anxious care?
Come, tell me what is wrong."
He drew me close to His wounded side
And O, what a sweet release!
It is alright, Savior, I told Him then,
There's nothing but peace, sweet peace.

The "Man of Sorrows" said, "why did you fear?
Discouraged! oh yes, but see
In all the struggle not once did I fail
Right close by thy side to be."
Yet, Master, I failed to trust Thee, I know,
And the pathway seemed rough that I trod:
He showed me the prints of the nails in His feet
And whispered, "Believe in God."

Believe in God tho you can't understand,
Believe in His goodness divine.
Tho trials do come and clouds may hang low
My peace shall be constantly thine.
I said, I know not just whom to trust.
"I know," He said with a nod
As I looked at the scar on His hands He said,
"You can always believe in God."

His message I take to a sorrowing world
That's needing to learn to trust.
No more to fret at my cares and pains
For carry this truth I must.
I take a look at the thorn-pierced brow,
And a world where the heart-aches throb,
Then bearing to others this message of faith,
I learn to believe in God.

THE MAN SHE'D LIKE TO HAVE YOU BE

O MAN imperfect, selfish, blind,
  How often short of the ideal
And dreams of those who love you well
  You're full content with trivial things,
And sinning do not seem to feel
  The anguish caused, the misery,
In falling far below her dreams—
  The man she'd like to have you be.

Her dear love wreathed for you a crown;
  With tenderness each jewel placed:
The price of tears, long nights of pain,
  Ambitious for your highest good,
Full many a hardship she has faced,
  And many a hidden agony
That you might someday rise and be
  The man she'd like to have you be.

THE MAN SHE'D LIKE TO HAVE YOU BE

Don't shut your eyes nor close your ears
  But struggle up and be a man—
Let dreams come true her faith in you
  Should e'er be met with ready heart,
To do the level best you can.
  She hopes and plans so lovingly,
Then don't fall down and fail, but be
  The man she'd like to have you be.

July 29, 1922.

SORRY!

SORRY! Sorry! Sorry!
To the very depths of my soul,
O Christ my Lord forgive me!
The billows o'er me roll.

Sorry! Sorry! Sorry!
Repentance can't undo
The wrongs we've done, nor heal
them.
O, God, what can I do?

Sorry! Sorry! Sorry!
For the heartaches caused the pain.
I bow in deep contrition,
But tears are all in vain.

Sorry! Sorry! Sorry!
Myself I can't forgive.
Unworthy of the pardon
I have no right to live.

SORRY! SORRY! SORRY!

Sorry! Sorry! Sorry!
My Lord 'tis Thou alone
Canst take away the vileness,
And for my sins atone.

Sorry! Sorry! Sorry!
O Thou Almighty One,
In mercy wilt Thou pardon
The evil I have done.

May 26, 1922.

THE FARMER

A Son of the Sod yet never ashamed
To own his calling not matter where;
Tho hands be gnarled, and feet be slow,
And hayseeds in his tangled hair
He comes as near the being a man,
As you can find them anywhere.

Sweaty and toil stained most of the
time,
Fighting the battle to feed the world:
Where no drums beat nor bugles blow,
Nor cheery banners are unfurled
He fights the fight of faith and wins,
Tho many jibes at him are hurled.

Near to Nature's heart are they,
The rain and storm, the stars and sun:
Our plow-share hero in overalls—
'Tis time his praises should be sung;
God's man and Nature's noblemen—
Whose honest hands we've proudly
wrung.

And often found them glad to help,
In kindly, gentle sympathy,
The farmer's wife, his boys and girls
Have proved themselves good pals to be;
And by their loyal lives they say
"Dear friend, you'll always count on me.

In war or peace they bear the brunt—
The heaviest burdens carry, too:
From noon till night they struggle on
As if they never would get there.
God bless these quiet farmer folk!
The best is none too good for you.

July 29, 1922.

A BROKEN STRING

My dear old friend your work is done,
And now where once you sweetly clung
Upon the breast of my violin,
Is nothing left but a broken string,
A useless, soundless, powerless thing.

No more to touch with gentle stress,
To woo from thee with a soft caress,
A song to soothe my heart.
The joy and peace you once did give,
I'll treasure up, thus thou shalt live.

'Twas not your fault, if under strain,
You broke at last, because the pain
Was far too strong to bear.
Dear, brave old string you faithful prove,
I lay thee now aside with love.

For some time we must break like you,
And lose our power of sweetness too,
We, too, be laid aside.
But a hand divine new sweetness brings,
When He hath mended these broken
strings.

May 24, 1913.

THE CLOCK'S MESSAGE

I SAID to the clock on the mantle shelf,
O, what are you doing, I pray,
That you should ever and always keep on
And not for a moment stay?
My dear old friend with your calm pale face,
Come, why is it? I say!
The answer came with a twinge of pain,
"I'm ticking your life away!

I said to my heart, if this is true,
O, what are you doing, I pray?
Then sturdy and strong came the glad reply,
"I am giving your life to-day!
So I hasten on to the tasks ahead,
While my heart beats for the fray;
As the clock keeps on with it's warning song,
"I am ticking your life away!"

For the moments are golden, each second, one less,
There is time to work and to play,
But no time to idle or lose or kill,
Set your time with God's clock today.
And don't forget that every heart-beat
Means one less shining ray,
The kind old clock keeps saying, "tick-tock"—
"I am ticking your life away."

Revised June 21, 1916.

IN THE GLOAMING

[Tune—"In The Gloaming."]

In the gloaming, O my Savior!
  Patiently I wait for Thee,
Soft and low a voice is calling,
  From the shadows—Come to me.
Days are long and nights are dreary,
  Feet grow weary as I roam,
Waiting Lord—I'm waiting, waiting,
  Fit me for my heavenly home.

In the gloaming, O my Savior!
  Seems to come a heavenly song,
And it makes me lonely, lonely,
  Even when amidst life's throng;
Shadows fall across my pathway,
  Tho the end I cannot see,
Well I know 'tis joy undreamed of,
  Bid me Savior come to Thee.

IN THE GLOAMING

In the gloaming, O my Savior!
  Speak Thy sweetest, "Peace be still,"
When the evening shadows gather,
  Bide me patient be until
I am ready for the mansion,
  Love ones by the crystal sea—
And the glory of Thy presence;
  Savior dear, I wait for Thee.

May 17, 1922.

A LIFE'S PURPOSE

I would walk straight, for there are those who
  follow;
I would be true, full confidence to win;
I would be clean, that I no one may tarnish;
I would abhor the very thot of sin.

I would be strong, to help the weak and weary;
I would befriend the one in deep distress;
I would be kind and loving like the Master—
I'd live the Gospel that I now profess.

GROWING OLD

GROWING old, they say: and childish too? Can't be!
Why seems 'twas only yesterday
We wedded, you and me.
Our life has been a Honey-moon,
In spite of all the care
That wrinkled brows, and bent the forms,
And whitened up the hair,

Growing old, they say: and steps a little slow—
The eyes are feeble, and the voice
Is not so sweet, you know.
But it has been a blessed thing
To live, and love, and learn.
I don't see why that growing old
Should give us much concern.

Growing old, they say—why yes, we're growing old:
But if the hair has turned to snow,
The heart has turned to gold.
The riches of the toiling years
When they have all been tolled
Will make the poor old tottering frame
Be glad of growing old.

GROWING OLD

Growing old, dear heart, why love is ever young—
The form may bend, the eyes may dim,
But that same love that clung
In Summer's prime, more closely clings
When old age ripes the vine.
The tendrils of a life-long love,
No mortal can untwine.

Growing old, they say: I'm very glad 'tis so—
For growing old 's the only way
To reap life's joys you know.
What if the years of earth seem few—
Ahead are streets of gold
Which we may never hope to tread
Except, by growing old.

THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY

SHALL I travel the road to yesterday
Or the misty path to to-morrow?
Perhaps no matter which one I take
Alike they may both bring sorrow.
So I'll travel the road to yesterday,
For tho it should bring me pain
'Twill give me great joy to view the old scenes
As I travel that road again.

I would wander away to the care-free days
To the days all rippling with mirth.
Where childhood's home seemed really to be
A paradise on earth.
To the woods, where the wild-flowers fragrant
bloomed—
Where the haws and the fox-grapes grew;
Where squirrels would chatter and birds would sing.
Let me live it all over anew,

Where the chestnuts flourished, and hickories tall—
With the orchard in purple and gold—
And the sturdy pines that stayed the blasts
Of the winter's icy cold.
I would see by the portal an angel guard,
In the form of a Mother dear.
So I travel the road to yesterday
Tho every step means a tear.

THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY

I will travel the road to yesterday
To the home-stead on the hill—
I will wander about the rooms again,
Tho all seems so cold and still.
From the porch I will list to the turtle dove's coo,
While sunset lingers to bless.
And up from the pastures again bring the cows—
As the day dies out in the west.

Let me travel the road to yesterday,
And please never mind if I dream
Of the woods, and the well, and the fire-side glow,
And she sweet little song of the stream.
Let me travel the road to yesterday—
Then come to me joy, or sorrow—
With a soul refreshed and longings hushed—
I will travel the road to to-morrow.

AFRAID OF DEATH

TO JENNIE

AFRAID of death! Why should I fear him now
When one has gone before and conquered him?
Afraid! When that dear little form
I loved dared face alone to win.

Why should I cower at the pain?
She met it like the bravest of the brave
And now I know since death took her away,
My heart has no fear of the grave.

The act of dying may be hard
And death by some be called the direst foe:
But that which opened wide the gate for her
Can never cause me once to dread as woe.

April 10, 1922.

DUST TO DUST

TO JENNIE

A SHOVEL full of earthly mould
Within God's acre somewhere strewn,
All that remains of that dear one
We laid away within the tomb?
It cannot be:—There's more to life.
There's more than dust that ever drew
Yourself to me so powerfully.
Dust is not you, not you, not you.

This not the hand I joyed to press,
I feel its grip and warmness still.
Nor hear the voice so sweet and kind
That often made my soul to thrill.
'Tis but thy dust lies 'neath this sod,
Oft watered by the rain and dew.
But you was less of dust—more God.
Dust is not you, far less than you.

Your soul, your self is living on
Secure within this heart of mine:
Sweet memories that shall never die—
Untouched or harmed by passing Time.
All that you were is living still.
The glowing eyes, the heart so true.
Yes, dust goes back to dust again:
But nothing else. DUST IS NOT YOU.

BROKEN BONDS

WITH hearts bowed down with sorrows burden born,
We give to Earth a form we hold most dear:
A face, where love-light long has radiant shone—
We weep, but hope has conquered fear.

O God, we know it is our Earthly lot
To part with that for which we've toiled and striven;
The broken bonds were sundered at Thy word—
And now they draw us upward toward Thy haven.

With feeble hands we tried to stay that hour:
Then, e'er we knew, the golden links were torn.
We scarce recover from the dreaded blow.
Ay! well we know what now it is to mourn.

But hope would dry and soothe our tears away:
Take from our hearts all bitterness and pain,
And comfort us with that most glorious truth—
That somewhere we shall meet again.

Then upward look, O heart with sorrow tossed,
And kiss the hand that holds the chastning rod.
The hand that holds it is thy Father's own—
Trust thou the kindness of thy God.

April 10, 1922.

FACING THE EAST

TO JENNIE

FACING the East, we bury our loved ones,
Facing the morning's bright golden dawn—
And all just because of one glorious promise,
Out of the East the Saviour shall come.

Facing the East, they mouldered to ashes:
But, when the great God shall come for His own,
Bodies mouldered shall once more be lovely—
For He shall then raise them out of the tomb.

Facing the East, 'tis faith that so orders:
Hope is not dead when we lay them away,
Love is still clinging and love is all conquering—
The shadows shall pass at the dawn of the day.

Facing the East, may we who are living
Face thus as those who have gone on before:
Also await His promise "I'm coming";
And thank Him that somewhere we'll part never-
more.

Easter morning, 1922.

TO A CROSS

ABOVE a heart that ceased to beat
  There stands the cross that lifted me:
No honor e'en in life or death,
  Could ever quite so wondrous be.

No worldly title, passing fame,
  Has touched my life as has the cross,
The Passion of the "Son of Man,"
  Has made Earth's glories all seem
    dross.

O Silent Cross, speak thou for me,
  My voice on earth forever dumb
Must find in Thee a messenger
  To point the wanderer's footsteps
    home.

Thou Silent Sentinel, speak on!
  The grace of God, of love untold.
Thou guardest well OUR ashes here,
But point Thou to the streets of gold.

A cross marks her grave.

LITTLE THINGS

"LITTLE things we often call them,
  Things that seem scarce worth our
    while—
Just a hand shake—bit of welcome;
  Thoughtful deed or friendly smile.

"I am busy, always busy!
  Mostly kept upon the run;
Often had intended doing,
  Somehow didn't get it done."

"O, well, some one else will do it"!
  But the "Some one" never did.
Thus the little calls of duty,
  Easily myself I rid.

Little things—they help or hinder;
  Little things—they make or mar;
Little things—they are our blessings—
  Little things will leave a scar.

Be more careful of the fine things,
  Things that may have little weight;
In the sight of God the're mighty,
  For these things decide our fate.

THE HEART OF A ROSE

MEN tell of a Rose: 'Tis the "Sharon Rose"
That bloomed beside the sea,
Where it wound its way on a cross of wood
On a mount called "Calvary".
The heart of the Rose was a bleeding heart
And the love of that heart was true;
You would wear that Flower 'til your dying hour
If you knew—if you only knew.

The heart of the Rose is a tender heart
And it hides away a tear;
The fragrance it gives, the message it lives
Is filling the world with cheer.
It calls us all to a higher life,
And, by that Rose, I adjure
That you keep your soul from the stain of sin;
For the heart of the Rose is pure.

The heart of the Rose is a heart of love,
'Tis fragrant with Heaven's perfume;
Then take that Flower to your heart today
And know the wealth of its bloom.
The heart of that Rose will ever be sweet
For the heart of the Rose is true,
The heart of the Rose is a heart of gold,
And that Heart of Gold is for you.

WHAT HAVE I LOVE TO GIVE THEE?

Tenth Wedding Anniversary, Sept. 22, 1912

TO MY LOVING LASSIE

No WEALTH from the mountains, no diamonds or
gold,
No mansion with rooms large and fair,
Not even a cottage, that we could call "HOME"—
Can I offer my heart-love to share.
What have I Love to give thee?

No name that is great in the annals of fame,
No throne, tho thou art my Qeen:
The cheers, the applause, the praises of men,
For us has been far, far between.
What have I Love to give thee?

A crust all too meager, a fare all too poor;
And the life of a wanderer too
With hard work to share—heavy burdens to bear,
And heartaches, ay! more than a few.
What have I Love to give thee?

A love ten years old, may it never grow cold—
A part in a service divine
To win by His grace, the smile of His face,
'Tis eht best I can give heart of mine.
Such have I Love to give thee.

IF YOU LOVE ME, TELL ME SO

TO JENNIE LOVE—1899

DARLING, listen to my story,
For you know we soon must part—
And to think that I must leave you
Cause pain within my heart.
We must part, but not forever;
From your presence I must go—
If you love me, Little Darling,
If you love me, tell me so.

I have loved you truly, Dearest,
Ever since the time we met—
And that love grows ever stronger,
Your sweet face I can't forget.
From my heart there comes a question
For I'm longing now to know,
If you love me, Little Darling;
If you love me, tell me so.

IF YOU LOVE ME, TELL ME SO

Tell me truly, Little Sweetheart,
Tho unworthy I may be,
Let your dear lips frame the answer,
If you have some love for me.
I have never loved another,
And I never shall, I know—
I am waiting for the answer,
If you love me, tell me so.

"PEACE BE UNTO THEE"

ABOVE the throb of sorrowing hearts—
Thru the clouds where hope is dim;
Where doubt and fear hold mighty sway
But—the voice belongs to Him;
His hand is raishd in blessing too;
That dear loved form cross free—
In the upper room with its midnight
gloom—
"Peace, Peace be unto thee!"

IN THE CABIN BY THE FIRE-LIGHT'S GLOW

THERE'S a place I love to linger when the evening shadows fall,
And the moonbeams steal so gently thru the windows; where they fall
On the chinking of the cabin, and the rude old puncheon floor:
It is there fond memories greet me from the happy days of yore—
In the cabin by the fire-light's glow.

In my hickory chair I ponder as the embers shed
On the faces of my loved ones: and the dim far long ago
Shows itself most clearly in the shadows as they creep:
And anon I smile upon them, and anon perchance I weep—
In the cabin by the fire-light's glow.

IN THE CABIN BY THE FIRE-LIGHT'S GLOW

The fire-light loves to linger on the rifle in its rack,
And a thousand scenes of forest, field and chase
come roving back.
On the smoke-browned joists above me hang full
many a viand sweet;
Many a wooden peg is groaning with good things
for to eat—
In the cabin by the fire-light's glow.

But the picture of my sweet-heart, who has shared
my joy and pain,
Seems to catch the brightest glory from the embers
as they wane.
How those days of love and courtship come return-
ing now to me;
Vissions rare, not merely fancy: now they will
come back, I see—
In the cabin by the fire-light's glow.

The tallow candle flickers, and the old tea-kettle
sings
Above the glowing backlog over which the black
crane swings.
'Tis a place of real contentment, so indeed to me it
seems
Where one finds the richest outcome of life's fond-
est hopes and dreams—
In the cabin by the fire-light's glow.

So let me fondly linger as the brands turn dim
and red;
'Till the shadows fade in darkness, and the last
bright spark is dead;
Then, not o'er cold, grey ashes, but where love-light
ever beams
I will thank Him for the home-ties while the hearth-
fire softly gleams—
For the cabin and the fire-light's glow.

TO AN OLD FRIEND

THE sky may lose its blueness at the darkening of
the night;
The flowers may fade and wither that once were
sweet and bright;
Our summer turn to winter with a pall of ice and
snow,
And youth's glad days will slip away almost before
we know.

But friendship bides in winter where hearts are
ever true,
And smiles thru all life's changes, the skies are
always blue—
So I am glad to have your friendship, for the best of
friends are few;
The Highland heart is loyal—here's Auld Lang
Syne Tae you.

'TIS THE FAVORITE STAR THAT KEEPS THE COMPASS TRUE

A CERTAIN star shines forth in northern skies:
The Pole-star travelers learn to love so well.
On land and sea we trust its kindly beams,
For it the truth is ever sure to tell.
'Tis small but faithful and unfailing there it glows
With gentle grace and loyal heart so true,
While others in their glory far out shine,
'Tis the favorite Star that keeps the compass true.

There are many lives that touch our lives each day.
They shine with light and glory of their own.
But some have caught a radience—and glow
With beauty gathered from the heavenly throne.
They shine right on and never fail us once
We trust in them in all they are and do.
They hold us to our best and light the way.
'Tis the favorite star that keeps the compass true.

'TIS THE FAVORITE STAR THAT KEEPS THE COMPASS TRUE

Ideals are born of God to lead
The wavering feet lest they should sometimes stray.
Just one life firm and constant is enough
To keep one safe within the narrow way.
Bless God for such, one needs them day and night,
Dear righteous, shining soul! Thank God for you.
Your place no other one can fill—
'Tis the favorite Star that keeps the compass true.

April 6, 1920.

DREAMING OF MOTHER-LOVE YET

When the sun in all of its glory,
  Has gone in a halo of light;
And the bright golden stars up in heaven,
  Have pinned back the curtains of night;
When the birds come home to their tree-tops,
  And the days toil ceases to fret,
Come vissions of scenes that have vanished,
  But I'm dreaming of mother-love yet.

Of a love that stooped by the cradle,
  Or that knelt by the bed of pain,
That was ever so patient and tender,
  That smiled through sunshine and rain:
Of a hand that smoothed out my troubles,
  Of a service without a regret;
Soothing all wounds by love's magic,
  I am dreaming of mother-love yet.

That hand for so many has vanished,
  But its outlines though dimly we see;
As from heaven it reaches to bless us,
  Or waits 'neath the old roof-tree
To welcome us back to childhood,
  To the place where in old times we met;
Such joys are like vissions of heaven,
  I am dreaming of mother-love yet.

Then at last when our journey is ended,
  And we cross to the mansions above;
When we walk up the streets of the city,
  In search of the ones we love;
With a welcome by gates that are pearly,
  Will be one we can never forget,
After thousands of years in our home-land,
  We'll be dreaming of mother-love yet.

May 16, 1908.

MOTHER'S KISS

THE CHILD

"Tut my finner mommy
Wiss iss nassy sing,
Tiss it for me, wont yuh?
Sink this wag an string
'Ll teep th' bud from tummin.
Tiss it den once more.
Now I sink its better:
An I'll do out de door
An pay some I'm a sinken."
Then in perfect bliss,
Went the little Toddler,
Healed by mother's kiss.

THE YOUTH

"Say, ma, where's my necktie?"
On the stand, "O yes,
Sure that's where I left it.
Ready now, I guess.
Course my neck aint dirty!
Let you have a look?
Ma, the boys are waitin!
Where's that pesky book?"
Then in whirl-wind hustle,
He went rushing by,
Ma just grabbed and tackled:
Kissed him on the fly.

MOTHER'S KISS

MANHOOD

I am writing mother
Just a line today
Let you know I'm thinking
Of you, tho far away.
I long to get your letters,
To know that you are well,
Yes they make me home-sick—
More than I can tell.
The news is always welcome,
I read it joyfully;
But best of all, dear mother,
The kiss you send to me.

OLD AGE

No, I am not dreaming;
I felt it on my brow;
It came so soft and tender,
I feel it even now
Just as I did in childhood—
I know that fond caress
That smoothed away my worries,
And brot me peace and rest.
From whence it came I know not,
But sure I am of this:
I felt upon my forehead,
My angel "Mother's Kiss."

THE DEAR LITTLE MOTHER, GOD BLESS HER

THE dear little mother, God bless her!
She surely deserves it. The best
That earth can give, or high heaven,
Is none too good. And lest
We have been too often ungrateful,
While each of us loves to pray,
Determine to show all the kindness
That is due to her day by day.

The dear little mother, God bless her!
How meagre alas in the mead
Of gratitude usually shown her
For her priceless service. Indeed
We take a whole lot for granted;
And think—O well, she will know.
Her burdens would often seem lighter
If more would see her worth, and say so.

THE DEAR LITTLE MOTHER, GOD BLESS HER

The dear little mother, God bless her!
The noblest, the kindest, the best.
You have made this old world seem a heaven:
And always have stood the test
Where loyal true heart was needed—
And none is more needed than you.
In the stress where the burdens are sorest;
You do all a human can do.

The dear little mother, God bless you!
Frail words can never convey
The gratitude you are deserving.
But one life will constantly pray
That here and forever hereafter
The desires of your heart may come true.
For your sacrifice, love and devotion,
May the dear Lord most richly bless YOU.

DAD WAS ONCT A BOY

(Fathers' Day Poem.)

My daddy liked to fish 'n hunt,
And he liked to play baseball;
He showed us how to ketch bull-frogs,
'an answer the Bob White's call;
He made us arrows, bows and guns;
Showed us how to set traps too,
For what my daddy didn't know,
I bet no daddies do.

He showed us how to swim 'n row,
And shake a hickory tree:
To tell the names of flowers and birds,
'n fight the bumble-bee.
He made us kites 'n whistles too,
(Most any kind of toy);
But don't it seem so funny, say,
My dad wuz onct a boy?

I know he wuz, for "granny" said
She had to spank him too:
Fer he wuz bad like other boys,
As bad as me er you.
'n if he is a growed up man,
He haint forgot the joy—
Besides some other things he got,
When he wuz just a boy.

He'd take our dares, 'n let us beat,
If he wuz big and strong:
When he went out to hunt,
Us kids ud go along.
He used to tell us stories too,
Of river, wood and plain;
'n while we kept our dad a boy,
He helped us to be men.

MOTHER'S WAITING BY THE WINDOW—WONDER WHY?

THE house is wrapped in stillness, and the fire is
burning low;
The hour is growing late—a passerby
Sees a light that still is burning,
And a face against a pane,
Mother's waiting by the window—wonder why?

She has laid aside her mending, and the book has
lost its charm;
Yes, the stars are gleaming brightly in the sky,
For the hour is now near midnight,
Yet no footstep has she heard;
Mother's waiting by the window—wonder why?

She draws her shawl still closer, and wipes away
a tear
That often comes a stealing to her eye;
She cannot help but worry,
She is anxious for her child;
Mother's waiting by the window—wonder why?

Did you never keep her waiting, never thinking of
the pain?
Feel her tremble as she pressed your lips good-bye?
Tho' she's gone and now in glory,
Rest assured, dear heart, to-day—
Mother's waiting by the window—wonder why?

THE PRAYER BY MOTHER'S KNEE

When the busy day was over,
  With it's jolly romp and fun,
And we'd gathered in the bed-room
  Mother's work for that day done—
Then we knelt beside her rocker:
  Folded hands so quietly
While we said our evening prayer,
  The prayer by mother's knee.

"Now I lay me," we repeated;
  And she sometimes helped us out
When we got into a tangle,
  And forgot what 'twas about.
Ah! how many times, when tired,
  She has list to you and me
As we prattled out that prayer,
  The prayer by mother's knee.

In the passing of the years
  Shall we e'er forget that scene?
In the meeting of life's snares
  Just to think what might have been
Had it not been for that patience—
  And her love for you and me.
Kept from sin by that old prayer
  That we learned at mother's knee.

THE PRAYER AT MOTHER'S KNEE

There are places more magnificent
  Where manhood stoops to pray—
But the grandest shrine that mem'ry
  Can recall to you to-day
Is the shrine of trusting childhood—
  A more sacred cannot be,
For, 'twas there we learned to worship,
  'was the prayer by mother's knee.

September 28, 1908.

DO NOT KISS ME, MOTHER DARLING

Do not kiss me, mother, darling
For I heard the doctor say * * *
Come and take my hand, don't cry so:
Let me dry those tears away.

Yet I know you love me deeply;
You have often proved you do,
But the others need you, mother:
One kiss might mean death to you.

Sit down here beside me, mother;
It is hard for me to talk * * *
But how sweet are those moss roses
Out beside the old board walk.

It must be like that in heaven,
Mother, I will soon be there,
And my suffering all be over;
And your worry, pain and care.

Do not kiss me, mother, darling,
Give me just one dear sweet smile:
Over there beyond the river
You may kiss me after while.

May 1, 1913.

MOTHER MINE

Of all the sweet, endearing terms of love
The human tongue has ever learned to frame—
To tell the wealth of treasured feelings rare;
The richest, clusters 'round one hallowed name.
No ardent lover wooes with such a word
As that which infant tongue first learned to lisp,
When, haltingly, you spake that dearest word;
And for reward received a mother's kiss.

O, mother mine, no tender love like yours
Has found its way this side of Heaven's gate,
Except the love Divine; no other love
Has been so deep and strong and great.
When friends forsake and other loves shall fail—
Cast off, despised, the world gives naught but scorn:
A prodigal, I flee to mother's breast
And over me forgiving love will mourn.

No one knows quite so well my faults;
No one so feels me worthy of a crown;
No one so pities when I fall or fail—
No one so glories should I find renown.
So, mother mine, I'll wear a pure white flower
In token of thy tender love today,
As gallantry as any knight of old—
And thus will I a loving tribute pay.

May, 1912.

WHEN MOTHER DIED

WHEN Mother died, the world grew dark and chill.
Our hearts each knew an emptiness no other love
could fill;
For when from loving, faithful toil she came at last
to rest,
And tired hands were folded there across her tran-
quil breast,
When sweet repose bro't surcease from all life's
grief and pain;
We realized when she was gone the world was
not the same—
When Mother died.

When Mother died, and naught but coffin clay
Remained to us—how still and white before our
eyes she lay;
We tho't of all the sacrifice her noble life had given
For us, oft heedless of the way she patiently had
striven.
But now, no voice of thankfulness can reach that
silent ear;
No joy for her when she is gone, to weep a grateful
tear—
When Mother's dead.

WHEN MOTHER DIED

When Mother died, she bade us all farewell—
Such words of peace and holy trust no human
tongue can tell.
How precious were the blessings that her mother-love
bestowed,
As from the anguished, quivering lips the dying
message flow'd
That bade us live for her, for God, for right and
truth and love;
And in the sunlit afterwhile, meet her at home
above—
Thus Mother died.

When Mother died, how hard it was to part.
With heavenly calm spake she—and we with sob-
bing, sorrowing heart
Said each, "Good-bye!" assured that we should
meet again at dawn
To kiss that self-same loving brow, when death's
dark night was gone:
And so we shall—tho' long it seems the veiling
shadows stay,
We promised her we would, dear heart, that ne'er
forgotten day,
When Mother died.

DON'T FORGET TO SAY YOUR PRAYERS

Dedicated to M. B. M.

He was but a little toddler, but the pride and joy
of home,
His mother loved him fondly, they were often left
alone
In that blessed sweet relation, when the power of
mother's love
Starts the unskilled feet of childhood on the road
that leads above.

When the little feet grew weary, eager for the
night time rest,
He would say his evening prayers; then into his
cozy nest
Mother-love would gently place him, with an earnest voiceless prayer
That a loving heavenly Father would keep him in
His care.

Years went by, and romping boyhood went to bed
all worn with play,
His "devotions" quite forgotten, (Have you ever
been there? Say!)
Half asleep, a well known footstep gently sounds
upon the stairs,
And a mother's voice of caution—"Don't foget to
say your prayers!"

Gone away to school—and mother, in the home
now far away:
Will she likely be forgotten? No, not for a single
day.
Hours of pleasure, hours of study, with temptations
and with cares,
But at night a sweet voice whispers, "Don't forget to
say your prayers."

Manhood's prime—and years have strengthened
every habit, every thought:
On the heart are graven lessons never more to be
forgot.
Age and pain have come and snowflakes hide away
in mother's hair,
But the winter brings fruition to that now oft
uttered prayer.

Come what may of fame or fortune, joy or sorrow,
loss or gain,
Mother's anxious love and guidance has not, shall
not be in vain.
Far or near from out the shadows comes a voice
quite unawares—
Soft and low like angel's music, "Don't forget to
say your evening prayers."

"MIND THE BABY NOW"

Some things are fumblicitin
  To youngersters 'bout like me—
Like wearin mustard plasters
  An' drinkin bitter tea
An' havin mother scrub yer ears.
  But worse than all, I vow, 's
The call that knocks yer plans kerplunk,
  "Come mind the baby now!"

When Fred he whistled signals,
  Two fingers in the air
Suggestin that old swimmin-hole—
  'Tis more than one could bear.
I sneaked out easy thru the door:
  A howl and then a row.
The kid had waked, and ma sings out,
  "Come mind the baby now!"

When hickory-nuts were falling
  An' fishin wuz jist fine,
I gets my rod an' basket
  To have a good old time.
Back uv the stable Fred an' I
  Are holding a pow-wow—
When, fore I know, my ma sings out,
  "Come mind the baby now!"

"MIND THE BABY NOW"

An all-day sucker onct I stuck
  Into his little fist,
An' thot that I'd be huntin sure
  Before that I'd be missed--
When I was snookin out the gun
  Old Don he went "Bow wow."
The baby squalled, an' my ma called,
  "Come mind the baby now!"

You bet that I'll be mighty glad
  When he kin go along,
An' I wont have my fun all spoilt
  By listenin to that song
That aggrivates me night an' day.
  But, some day I allow,
He'll grow to be a buddy, so
  I'll mind the baby now.

November 4, 1908.

MOTHER LOVE

[Tune—Annie Laurie.]

MOTHER dear, your face is bonnie,
Where sweet the love-light dwells,
And your voice is Oh, so tender,
  Your wondrous kindness tells;
  Your wondrous kinduess tells,
And youve' done so much for me;
  I can ne'er, no ne'er repay you
  In time or eternity.

O love that knows no measure,
From a heart so full and free,
I am thinking how you lavished,
  Your sacrifice and love,
  Your sacrifice and love,
So bountiful to me
  Like the Savior's love you gave it;
  So gracious and so free.

O God of home and kindred,
Keep the heart-love warm and true,
Make us grateful for thy bounties,
  Find loving tasks to do;
  Find loving tasks to do,
And ever faithful be,
  Till Thou call us home to glory,
  To dwell in peace with Thee.

WAKIN' UP THE BOYS

My ma she used to waken up
  'Bout midnight, seems to me,
Make on the fire, stir up the cakes,
  Then sound the reville.
An' daddy he'd hike right straight out
  To do the mornin' chores
Aleavin' us three boys alone
  Still in the land o' snores.

Then ma she'd holler up the stairs,
  "You kids get right straight up."
Then back she'd go to fryin' ham,
  An' we'd go back to sleep.
Wasn't long we'd get to snooze,
  When once again she'd call,
An' we would answer, "All right, ma!"
  But we didn't come at all.

Then daddy he'd come from the barn,
  The chairs were ready set—
An' he'd let out a yell that made
  Us roll out quick, you bet.
But O, how good it was to sleep
  (And boys would need it too).
But ma an' pa would rout us out
  Before we got half through.

September 28, 1912.

"HOLLER-EVE"

THE night when ghosts and witches all,
  Are flyin' thru' the air,
When spooks and things all creepy go,
  A travelin' evey where.
We kids are only waitin' now,
  You'd better jest believe,
To have a great big high old time,
  For this is "Holler-eve."

When Jack-o-lanterns blink and grin,
  There's taffy to be made,
And mostest other things to do,
  Jest keep it in the shade.
There's several gates must sure come off,
  And cabbage heads to heave,
Uv course the folkses will be mad,
  But this is "Holler-eve."

We must parade in ugly masks,
  Put tic-tacks on the pane,
And pile old rubbish in the road,
  I wonder who'se to blame
If things do turn up missin an'
  We've taken with out leave?
Why, say! don't you remember, that
  Last night was "Holler-eve?"

It may be that those hob-goblins
  Do have a gay old time,
But when it comes to mischief, why
  That's where us youngsters shine.
I know I'd like to be a man,
  But this one thing I grieve,
That when I am a big grown up,
  I cannot "Holler-eve."

BE GOOD

Be good, tho the world tempts sorely,
  Tho a wall-flower you may be.
Be good, tho none may praise you
  And many disagree.

Be good, tho you're called old fashioned,
  Stand up for the right and dare
To have the grit and courage
  That lets folks know you care.

Be good, and some will fear you,
  Be good, and some will sneer.
But there's nothing finer than goodness;
  We love to have such near.

BACK ON THE SUNRISE ROAD

Back on the sunriseroad somewhere
  Is the valley of Yesterday—
Where the hill-tops catch the first bright beams
  Of the morning's golden ray
And sends them glowing down the road
  To lighten up the vale—
Where lingering dew-drops shine like gems
  On stone, and tree, and rail.

Back on the sunrise road I know
  If I travel far away
I shall find me the treasuers of long ago—
  In the valley of yesterday.
Oh no not all, but much that I love,
  Is still in that hallowed glen.
When the call comes strong as a siren's song
  I must make me a pilgrimage then.

Back on the sunrise road we meet
  The feeble, the old and the gray—
Yearning for sights, and sounds, and forms—
  In the valley of yesterday.
Sitting beneath some old tree's shade,
  Or taking a drink from the well,
Or hovering over a grass-grown mound
  Where the pent up tear-drops swell.

Back on the sunrise road, my friend,
  There is joy—but one must not stay
Dreaming of bygone things they loved
  In the valley of yesterday.
A call comes strong from the Sunset Land,
  And there is work that each must do
E'er the "Sunset Gate" shall open wide,
  To the "Sunrise Land"—for you.

SYMPATHY

O WORD of of sweet meaning and comfort
To a storm-tossed soul in distress;
A hand-clasp that has a heart in it—
A tear-drop that soothes us to rest—
A pain-sharing love that enfolds one—
A bosom where anguish may weep—
O sympathy, angel of friendship!
Alone thou knowest the deep,
Where souls bleed on in the darkness;
There thou thy sweet watch doth keep.

"PEERS LIKE THERE'S 'ALLUS SUMPTHIN"

WE'RE the the queerest kind o' mortals
  Did yeh ever stop to think,
It's jest mighty hard to suit us?
  Now yeh needn't try to blink.
Facts are facts, and no disputin',
  So we might jest set it down,
Thet if we're grinnin' happy like,
  We're soon to wear a frown.

We're afraid it's over wettish'
  And like ter drown the crop.
Er else its far too pesky dry
  To make grass fer the stock.
But somehow, some-way, don't jest
    know,
  No matter how things go'es,
'Peers like there's allus sumpthin',
  Thet aint clear drowned er froze.

"PEERS LIKE THERE'S ALWAYS SUMPTHIN"

We might as well quit growlin',
  An' take things as they come,
Fer fussin dont help, not a bit,
  An' worry spoils the fun.
The crops have never yet all failed,
  One thing I've allus found,
'Peers like theres allus sumpthin',
  When I have been around.

October 14, 1914.

SUNRISE

Out of his robe of darkness,
  Freed from the fetters of night,
Walking the path of glory
  Of the morning's golden light,
Up to the heights ascending,
  Wearing the day's bright crown
The Monarch of the heavens
  Heralds the glowing Dawn.
After the gloom of the shadows,
  After the death-sleep is done
We waken, and all is radiant
  At the rising of the sun.

I CAN'T GET ALONG WITHOUT YOU

I MAY lose my health and never gain wealth:
Be doubted and cursed, who cares?
My day turn to night, not a star to give light—
And feeble may seem my prayers.
Be misunderstood, my tears be my food,
But still I'd have joy were it true—
One lone heart somewhere in love would declare,
"I can't get along without you."

Yes, life has its smile, is intensely worth while
If you are needed as man needs the sun.
When in good or in ill you are able to fill
A want that in some soul may come.
Ay! a friend staunch and tried whatever betide
Is Salvation—they help one to do
By their kind cheery way when they trustingly say,
"I can't get along without you."

Well, some day they must, for back to the dust
Each mortal is destined to go;
But life was worth while because of their smile,
And comradeship ever a glow.
The days will seem long should such pass along
And the way will seem lonely, 'tis true—
You would seem to hear ring where the bright
angels sing,
"I can't get along without you."

TO JENNIE

J-ENNIE lass an' how I love ye—
E-ver faithful, ever true:
N-ever failing, tho oft ailing;
N-ever shirking tasks to do.
I-n your hours of death still planning.
E-arth was bettered much by you.

L-ove you were—devoted, tender:
O-ften giving, nothing gained—
V-ery soul of kindly service,
E-'en tho gone, your works remained.

WHEN THE AUTUMN TURNS THE FOREST LEAVES TO GOLD

ONCE in dreams my fancy led me to a forest,
And I breathed the sweet perfume of wild-flowers
breath—
But my soul was sad within me that gay morning:
I was thinking of life's falling leaves—of DEATH.
Then I looked and saw the leaves to gold were
turning;
Where the chilly hand of Frost had lately lain;
And death became a thing of rarest beauty—
The message of the Autumn leaf was plain.

When we reach the place in life where work is
ended,
Then the hand of death will turn our past to gold,
We will give our place we know unto another:
Mother Earth unto her bosom each will fold.
But the Soul—the part of us that is immortal,
Goes not down to mingle with the sacred mould.
Brighter days await—a resurrection:
After Autumn turns our forest leaves to gold.

WHEN THE AUTUMN TURNS THE FOREST LEAVES INTO GOLD

Fading leaves! the day will come each has his
autumn—
But the tree shall stand and still defy the storm.
Just to fade or fall is not the end or purpose,
You and I for higher destiny were born:
Leaves may fall but not till they accomplish
All their work—so, friend, this message ever hold,
Rest belongs to those who bear a faithful fruitage;
When the autum turns the Forest leaves to GOLD.

TRUE BLUE

THERE'S much in the world deceptive:
There s many a cheat and a crook;
There's people that cannot be trusted,
You find them wherever you look.
'Tis good to find those who are sterling;
The ones you can really tie to—
The same wherever you find him;
The one who is always TRUE BLUE.

HOME

HOME is a school, and our studies are taught
Precept by precept cause each precious thought.
Early our foot-steps were taught the right way,
Lovingly warning us never to stray.

Home is a work-place, duties are there,
Many a burden and many a care.
But toil is a blessing when love is concerned,
No matter how much life's oil must be burned.

Home is a haven, a rest for the soul
High from the tides where the wild billows roll,
There may we ever come seeking to rest,
The place we should find what is truest and best.

Home is a type of the world yet to be
Somewhere away by a bright crystal sea:
Where love is all perfect and peace is supreme,
And living is sweet as a long happy dream.

Home is the place that we make it, dear friends,
Here and hereafter; it simply depends
On the life that we live and the deeds that we do;
This is Christ's gospel and every word true.

"ALL RIGHT, THEN"

"ALL right, then," she said,
When for water she pled
And it couldn't be given.
When hard was the bed
And she asked to be moved;
Or the pain making needle
Was plunged in her arm,
Or hunger gnawed keen
And food was refused—
It seemed cruel and mean.
But, "all right then,"
She patiently said,
'Till the dear little patient
Was dead! dead! dead!

JUST TRY

Do YOU feel unfitted for the work, awkward and ill
prepared?
Remember that many the same as you
In the face of odds have dared,
The person who learns to master the task, goes in to
do or die;
He starts at the place where all must start.
Don't talk of your weakness: TRY!

Do you know somebody is watching you, anxious and
eager too,
Waiting for yon to make a start?
Don't you feel that its up to you to brave the task
with willing hands,
In the name of the One on high,
Who bids you come on the foaming waves?
Don't falter or fear—JUST TRY!

JUST TRY, 'tis the way of noble souls to do their best
—TRY HARD:
At the hardest place yon are sure to find
The helping hand of your Lord.
Try, and show the world you care, and don't stand
idly by.
The road to glory is only trod
By those who dare to try.

NATURAL RELIGION

As the sunflower seeks in her yearning
  The face of the King of light,
As the rose gathers dew in the morning
  While she smiles so radiant and bright,
As the deer hunts the spring when he thirsteth,
  And the heart keeps its regular beat,
So worshipping man should turn Godward
  With eager and joyous feet.

As the bird sings her song without effort,
  Or flyeth at night to her nest,
So natural should be our religion,
  The way that brings joy, hope and rest.
As the brooklet runs down to the river
  And the river flows on to the sea,
The way to the throne should be easy
  When we offer to God our plea.

September 24, 1916.

MY GIFT

O HEART of love take thou this gift I bring thee:
It is not much, yet all I have to give.
I fain would pour my very soul an offering;
For love like thine has taught me how to live.

How mean my gifts beside what thou hast given.
The love that lifts—its worth no lips have told.
Accept my grateful thanks and fond devotion,
For love to me is better far than gold.

The boon I crave for most is just to serve thee—
To show my love by deeds of thotful care.
There's naught can ever make me quite so happy
As loving tasks my hands may fully share.

So gracious One, my cruse is gladly broken
To shed its sweetest perfume on thy feet.
No matter tho this life itself be shattered,
If from thy lips come words surpassing sweet.

To learn to give with no thot of with-holding—
To live and dare to let love have its way—
O heart of love! if love comes forth by breaking,
Then break my heart and take my all, I pray.

For love that holds when some sore heart is needy
Is never worthy friendship like thine own.
May self and sin from now henceforth be banished;
Great heart of love—rule thou and thou alone.

WE CAN, BECAUSE HE SAYS WE CAN

We may doubt ourselves, we may doubt the gear:
  With trembling heart oppressed by fear,
We may fail our Christ in the hour of need,
  Nor hearken to the hands that plead.
But, if we know it is God's plan—
  We can, because—He says we can.

We may halt in a pinch; a deadly chill
  May seem to grip our hearts, and fill
With numbing dread the soul that would
  Be glad to witness, if it could.
Yet see Him reach a helping hand!
  We can, because—He says we can.

And so dear Lord we've often quailed
  And often feared and often failed
To do the task 'twas ours to do
  For lack of confidence in you.
Help us to up, and play the man.
  We can, because—He says we can.

January 13, 1919.

"THIS TOO, SHALL PASS"

PASSING, aye passing for time surges on,
Passing, is laughter, the smile and the
song;
Passing, thank God! is the the doubt and
the fear;
Passing, forever the sigh and the tear.

Passing, the pain and the hurt and the
ache;
Passing, the sorrow that made the heart
break.
Passing, the bitterness, anguish and
strife;
And all that has hindered and marred
in this life.

Passing, our friends that our heart
learned to trust;
On marching ever to silence and dust.
Memory lingers like sweetest perfume—
Blossoms forever above the sad tomb.

Passing, the days of this upleading road.
Passing, the privilege of bearing our
load.
Up there not far is the crest of the hill;
Passing, but upward—we're climbing
up still.

Passing, 'tis true, as the hours fleet
along,
All that is hurtful, all that is wrong;
But—lasting as God, and love, what
we do,
Nothing shall pass that was NOBLE and
TRUE.

INGRATITUDE

THE doggie wags his tail when fed—
The horse will neigh, "thank you!"
The pig will grunt his gratitude;
Old cock-e-doodle-do
Will chuckle as your bounty takes;
Yet 'round a well spread board
How many men won't even grunt
Thanksgiving to their Lord???

A WREATH AND A TEAR

We were standing around a Christmas tree
When a dear friend told her story to me
Of why their hearts were lonely and sad,
When about them were things to make them all glad.

It was just before Christmas a year ago,
Away out yonder beneath the snow
We left our dear one to sleep alone,
Where the winter winds have a heartache moan.

Before we can touch our Christmas tree,
Which eager eyes are waiting to see,
We carry a wreath to a little mound;
Our gift with a tear left there on the ground.

'Tis only the token of love we can share,
And we sadly turned as we left them there
To a home that was lonely in spite of the cheer—
We had nothing to give but a wreath and a tear.

Somewhere with angels she's singing so gay,
With angels that sang on that first Christmas day.
But nothing for her hangs on that bright tree—
Just a wreath and a tear is all that can be.

Dear heart! do you know 'tis the dear Christ's way
To give what one can, aud give it today?
And lo! who knows when the time may be near,
When we can give only a wreath and a tear.

Christmas 1912.

DOUBT

Doubt makes a mob of Government—
Breed anarchistic ire:
It makes a home of hell on earth—
Burns love in jealous fire:
It makes Eternal life a myth—
Man's final home the sod:
Doubt makes of man a hopeless brute—
A liar out of God.

THE FINAL SETTLEMENT

No matter how great are the losses;
How dead set against you the game;
There's a law Supreme, never failing:
Thruout all the ages the same—
Regardless of all life's reverses,
Tho you seem to have lost in the fight
A thing can never be settled
Until it is settled right.

Your life may be robbed of its treasure:
Your name be tarnished with shame;
Be lonely and go hungry-hearted,
And carry another's blame.
There's a God who sitteth in judgement—
A God who loveth the light;
So, nothing can ever be settled
Until it is settled right.

It may take an ocean of tear-drops;
An anguish no tongue can tell.
It may take uncountable ages
In a blistering, burning hell.

For, all things sometime must be settled—
Tho the end be far out of sight,
Remember, it never is settled
Until it is settled right.

Battle on and be not discouraged,
Tho they trample you into the dust,
And the harpies of evil sing gleeful,
Be this your unfaltering trust:
That assuredly sometime and somewhere,
Is fairness for heroes who fight—
And nothing can ever be settled
Until it is settled right.

Don't sin! for the wrong will come home, sure.
We are destined to reap what we sow.
God's book will never be closed, no!
'Till all is paid that we owe.
So it pays to play fair and be kindly;
For, as sure as day follows night,
There is nothing ever settled
Until it is settled RIGHT.

LOVE ME FOR MY OWN SAKE

Love me for my own sake:
  Search thou my heart and find
Some jewel worth the keeping,
  To treasure in thy mind.

Love me for my own sake:
  Despite the fault that mars;
See just a bit of goodness,
  Where sin has left its scars.

Love me for my own sake:
  Not for the deeds I've done,
Nor any gift I've given;
  Nor any goal I've won.

Love me for my own sake:
  I'm human—so are you.
You know my faults and failings;
  Find in me something true.

Love me for my own sake:
  Just because 'tis "I."
Because I'm really different:
  And that's the reason why.

Love me for my own sake:
  The world is big I know,
They're others far more loving:
  Love them—but me also.

Love me for my own sake:
  Don't find it hard to do.
Seek thou the good within my soul,
  And I'll mean more to you.

WHAT DID YOUR MOTHER RAISE YOU FOR?

WHAT did your mother raise you for, laddie boy?
To be a MAN, or just a fop or cad,
Or worse—a human brute.
Who makes of tender womanhood the meanest toy?
'Twere better never born. You can be clean.

What did your mother raise you for, lassie girl?
A woman, or a flapper and a flirt?
Or worse—a shameless thing,
Whose very steps take hold on hell.
Be thou the woman God intended you to be.

THE CIGARETTE

"PIMP-sticks," "pills" and "coffin-nails,"
  We used to call them then
When only dudes would use such things—
  And dudes were never men.

Boyhood, girls and men mature
  Pull at that same pimp-stick,
Their brains and will-power offering up
  Stink-offerings to "Old Nick."

Lecture them and they get peeved,
  And march on to their doom
To die as only fools would die.
  They quit, but at the tomb.

For habit with a mighty chain
  Binds them until they fret
Like opium, "coke" and other "FIENDS,"
  For the poison cigarette.

A drunkard's bad enough, God knows—
  When sober may a man be yet:
But manhood into ashes goes,
  When he pulls at a cigaret.

AUTUMN DAYS ARE HERE

When the wind is blowin' fresh like
  As if comin' of uv frost,
When the seedins most all over
  An' the trees their green have lost,
When the corn is ripe fer shuckin
  An' yer feelin' all in gear,
Ye kin bet yer bottom dollar
  Thet the autumn days are here.

When the squirrels and rabbits scamper
  An' the nuts begin to fall,
When the beggar-lice stick titish
  An' ye hear the Bob White's call,
When the field mice nest in corn shock
  An' the birds go South, its queer,
But you bet there's no mistaken,
  Yep, the autumn days are here.

When yer pickin rosy apples,
  Holin cabbage and all sich,
With the cellar fairly groanin
  Makes a feller feel he's rich,
See the barrels an' bins an' shelvin
  Full uv things to make good cheer,
Why, a city Jake ud guess it
  Thet the autumn days are here.

THE MUZZLE-LOADING GUN

BACK in a corner standing
With pouch and powder-horn
My old-time muzzle loader,
So lonely and forlorn,
For now we seldom use it;
It's work is almost done—
But still I love to handle
That muzzle-loading gun.

It makes me think of boyhood—
The curley maple stock
And long old trusty barrel
Seem almost now to talk
Of tramping woods and meadows,
With it my only chum—
My good old boon companion;
That muzzle loading gun.

The ground-hog, squirrel and rabbit
Its accuracy well know
Altho it was slow loading
And heavy, but young Joe
Would rest it on a rail:
You bet 'twas lots of fun
Old ball and patchen rifle—
That muzzle-loadin gun.

WHEN BUNNY TAKES A HIKE

WHEN the chestnut burrs are open,
An' the frogs have quit their croakin',
An' the wild grapes hang so temptin' on the vine—
'Tis then youthful hunter
Siezes his old residenter,
An' sends the bunnies flyin' down the line.

It is then the little chapper,
Takin' lessons from his papper,
With dog an' gun goes trailin' down the pike—
An' there's always "somethin' doin,"
If it's only MA A STEWIN;
When our friends, the boy an' bunny takes a hike.

An' its over hill and holler,
Dog and boy will foller, foller,
Squintin' at each heap o' brush an' holler log—
The briars a stickin', pickin'
The muzzle-loader kickin';
Great combination—bunny, boy and dog.

THE OLD WATER-MILL

THE tallow candle is gone:
With it went the spinning-wheel;
The tavern and the old stage coach—
Nor by the fire-side kneel
The family as of yesterday:
There's something lost I feel
In the onrush of our modern days
We need a balance wheel.

The old mill too has gone:
And the folks who knew it well
Point out the race and old mill-dam,
And mayhaps still the mill.
But the wheel is long since idle,
The miller long since gone.
We wonder in future ages,
Where poets will find a song.

The wheel in the rippling water
Sang its cheery song as it turned;
And did its work so faithful,
That oftime I've yearned
To hear its bonny music
Like many dear old things
We have gained, but we too lost something—
The music of the mill.

THE OLD CHURCH BELL

THERE'S music in an orkestry
An' plenty of it too,
Them brass bands air a fairly decent thing—
But uv all the earthly music
A goin' now-a-days;
Just let me hear thet good ole church bell ring.

I like to hear it ringin', yes,
So solemn an' so kind,
It sends its welcome rumbeling,
A callin' Saint and Sinner
To the worship uv our God.
Yes, I like to hear that good ole church bell ring.

There'll be music up in heaven
But I wonder if ther'e bells—
It would be a lonesome sorter thing—
But, I'm thankful here I've heard it,
An' heeded its sweet call.
Yes, I love to hear the dear ole church bell ring.

THE TROUBLE MAY BE YOU

If you hear a Gospel preacher
  Speaking true against a sin,
And you feel some sort of soreness
  That you want to blame on him,
Hunt around a wee bit closer
  E'er some unkind thing you do,
He was fair and just and faithful:
And the trouble may be you.

We have heard about a Chinaman
  Of visage harsh and mean,
Who broke a splendid mirror,
  When his ugly face was seen.
That did not change his features;
  His face was still askew—
It is dangerous satisfaction
  When the trouble's all in you.

If the shoe fits, tho it pinches,
  'Tis best you should be shod.
The truth will never hurt the least
  If the heart is right with God.
The truth it must be spoken,
  Tho it should win but few.
You're bound to take your portion
  If the trouble be in you.

So, do not stone the prophets,
  The world has need of them:
Nor crucify the Savior;
  It can be done again
By nailing men to crosses
  Who try to be true blue;
Who tell the truth that's needed,
  When the trouble is in you.

The direst of all curses
  Shall rest upon his head
Who fails to tell, or hinders
  The word that must be said.
Then come, be ever loyal
  For what is tried and true:
Your heart will beat with gladness
  For—the trouble is not in you.

Then do your simple duty:
  You will have no fault to find.
Do the work love assigns you,
  And you'll have sweet peace of mind.
Then no matter where the turmoil,
  Growth in grace will strength renew:
Storms may howl and clouds may
    threaten;
  But the trouble's not in you.

BACK TO SCHOOL

UPON the hill the old school house
Is standing as of yore;
Full twenty years had gone around,
Since I passed thru the door,
But I went back not long ago
And sat at my old desk:
But every face was strange to me—
'Twas lonely, I'll confess.

The dinner pails sat in a row,
The black-board had its sums—
But O, what problems I had solved
In the passing of the sums.
I realized the country school
Has a mighty work—it's own:
The finished product it turns out
Can come from it alone.

The feet which trod the rugged roads
Stand with the nation's great:
Learned lessons no where else are taught—
Tho copy-book and slate
Have long since then been laid aside,
I'm sure it is a rule
That the noblest institutions are
The Country Church and School.

(Tune—The Church in The Wildwood.)

THE CHURCH WE LOVE

THERE'S a place where we oft' come to worship,
A spot that is sacred and dear;
'Tis the church that stands by the wayside,
Where Jehovah our God draweth near.

CHO.—Come to the church by the wayside,
Oh, come to the church on the hill;
Where prayer and praises are offered,
And we learn of our kind Father's will.

Come to this place while you can, friends,
Come in the sunshine or rain;
Give of your time and your talents,
Your coming shall not be in vain.

Love then, and never neglect it,
This place of God's hallowed abode;
The bell calls, and God's Holy Spirit.
O, come it will lighten your load.

Come join with the saints in their worship,
Yes, join with the ones 'round God's throne;
Thank God for so wondrous a blessing,
There serve Him 'till He calls you home.

April 27, 1922.

THE WELL BY THE GATE

NEAR the mouth of cave Adullam,
  In brave Judah's broad domain,
Sat King David worn and weary,
  Circled round by warrior train.

Crown and sword he'd placed beside
      him;
  Snowy locks the night win tossed;
All unheeding sat the chieftain
  In deep meditation lost.

As he gazed into the heavens
  From his eyes stole many a tear.
With emotion heaved his bosom:
  Was it sorrow, hope or fear?

Dreamed he of the day when Israel
  Placed him on the royal throne,
When the tribes did homage to him,
  And the Kingdom was his own?

Or perhaps he dreamed in sorrow
  Of his loved but wayward son,
Who was doomed to sad destruction
E'er his life had scarce begun.

No, he thought not of invasions,
  Cities conquered, victories won,
Not of warring not of feasting,
  Nor the work that he has done.

These have now no charm for David,
  He would leave them to their fate.
For more dear is Bethlehem Judah,
  And the well beside the gate.

Back to boyhood days he wanders
  With a rapture none can tell,
Save the wandering heart that fainteth
  For that sweet paternal well.

Back to meadows green with pasture,
  Covered o'er with bleating sheep.
Sounding notes upon his harp strings,
  Careful watch his young eyes keep.

When the sun climbs to the zenith,
  From each nook and flowery dell,
Follow sheep and lambs together,
  Youthful David to the well.

Back again to home and loved ones,
  When the gold has turned to grey.
Back again to flowery pastures,
  Back again to childhood day.

Fade away dull pride and glory,
  For I crave not one of them
Give me but one cup of water
  From the well at Bethlehem.

SMILE!

It costs a heap to do some things;
  But that good old grin
Comes cheap, you only squint your eyes
  An' pucker up yer chin.
But say! what powerful good it does—
  Like pourin' wine and ile
It makes a face look good to ye—
  The wearin' o' a smile.

THE SHEPHERD'S OWN

In the flock the Shepherd's leading
Will be those of different mind.
Some unruly, some obedient,
Yet to each He would be kind.
He must do His best to lead them:
'Tis the Master's own request.
But the ones that follow closest,
Are the ones He loves the best.

Follow Him in spite of hardships,
Even tho the path is steep;
Ever trusting in His guidance,
Knowing He will safely keep.
Yes, He loves the weak and wandering;
Should they stray He'll go in quest:
But the ones who follow closest
Are the ones He loves the best.

Loved; Ay! well enough to die for.
All He is belongs to them:
Faithful, loyal, loving, following
Makes Him their eternal friend.
His they are to love and cherish,
In their joy or deep distress—
And the ones who follow closest,
Are the ones He loves the best.

Thou great Shepherd of all Shepherds!
In the fields of heavenly light,
Closer following wins sweet favor:
"Nearer, dearer" must be right.
Even when at last we gather
In the fold where all are blest—
Those who followed us the closest,
Shall be those we'll love the best.

"IF THOU WILT"

"O LORD if Thou wilt Thou canst make
me clean"!
There's faith in that needy appeal:
And the Master's hand went forth to
touch,
And the touch had the power to heal.

"I will, be thou clean," He lovingly
said—
The foulness forever was gone:
For the life-giving touch of the life-
giving one
Was aye, divinely strong.

GOOD BYE

THERE'S a word we sometimes shun to
speak;
A sweet old word 'tis true,
But a parting word, so a pain-wrung
word,
That God may be with you.
The Teuton says, Auf Wiedersehen,"
The Frenchman bids, "Adieu,"
But the bonny Scotch has a blessing
sought
As he says, "God be wi' you."

Good bye, old friends, one cannot ask
A greater boon, ah, no!
So where your path on earth may lead,
May the dear Lord with you go.
Tho you and I must part awhile,
'Tis sweet, indeed, to know
Our dearest friend; our mutual friend
His presence shall bestow.

Goodbye! 'tis love that coined that word
That loving lips may say.
What wondrous wealth of tenderness
That fills the heart; and may
The coming days yield you the best—
More than my soul can pray,
Of joy and peace. Goodbye! Goodbye!
Forever and for aye.

IN THE MORNING

When the morning dawns resplendent
Up among the "Eternal Hills,"
When the eye shall see the radiance
And the heart with rapture thrills,
When the clouds have all been lifted
And we see Him face to face:
We shall know each other better
In the morning.

God is love, and each who loveth
Hath a heart akin to Him;
Tho the likeness may seem feeble
And the image all too dim.
But when love shall stand revealed
Clothed in robes of heavenly light,
We shall know each other better
In the morning.

When the faults are all forgotten,
And the good is fully shown,
When we stand beside the Master
In the glory of the throne,
When the things that marred are vanished
And we know as we are known—
We shall love each other better
In the morning.

"God is love:" are we as loving
As His children ought to be?
Must we wait until the dawning
Love in God and man to see?
Christ of God! Cure thou our blindness.
Give us hearts like Thine to love.
But—we'll know each other better
In the morning.

Waiting in the shadows
Till the darkness shall be gone;
Waiting, lonely waiting
For the coming of the dawn.
The East is full of promise
At the rising of the sun.
We'll be better, each one better,
In the morning.

The dawn, the dawn approaches
We shall see with clearer eyes
The things that love revealeth
When the morning sun shall rise.
On the shore the Savior's waiting.
It will be a glad surprise.
We'll be better, each one better,
In the morning.

BE OF GOOD CHEER

"BE of good cheer!" The Master has often said it:
As when the waves ran high, "'Tis I, be not afraid."
He spoke then to the sick, the sad, the lonely--
In times of stress, O heart be not dismayed.

"Be of good cheer?" His voice again repeats it:
"The Prince of Peace"—the one who understands.
This Christmas-tide He bids joy spring abundant.
He has the gifts each needy soul demands.

"Be of good cheer!" Why be cast down and gloomy?
Would He so speak if He gave not the means?
Ten thousand blessings wait our trustful gathering.
God's goodness goeth far beyond our dreams.

"Be of good cheer," and then make others cheerful,
He said it tho a thorny path He trod,
No life need ever lose its golden sunshine
That travels up the Calvary road to God.

"Be of good cheer!" Aye, always, ever hopeful.
Let Faith and Love crown all the days with light.
God give thee cheer, GOOD CHEER—His friendly blessing.
His smiling face make all thy pathway bright.

THE OLD RAIL FENCE

WHERE the berries grow abundant,
  Where we go to gather flowers,
Or to hunt the bum-bees' honey,
  Spending many happy hours
'Neath wild-cherry or haw bush,
  With the five-leafed ivy dense—
What boy has not enjoyed it?
  The old rail fence.

'Twas there we dug sweet fennel
  Or climbed a wild plum tree;
Hunted ground hogs and the rabbit—
  Why, I'm sure we'll all agree
When we wanted somethin' extra,
  Or mother said, go hence!
We found our rarest treasurer
  'Long the old rail fence.

Worming here and wandering yonder—
  Rails our grand pas' long since split:
Beats barbed wire fence all to pieces;
  Gives us samples of their grit.
But they're passing, men and fences.
  Yet, when my nerves are tense,
Hunt for me that boyhood wonder—
  An old rail fence.

THE OLD ORCHARD

When I went back to the old home farm,
Many things I longed to see—
The house, the well, spring-house, the barn:
Then the friendly apple tree,
I used to climb them when a boy—
They still are dear to me.

I trailed the orchard thru and thru
To find a a "Smokehouse" sweet;
A Rambo and a Sheep-nose too,
Like in old days we would eat.
I found a late one on a tree,
It surely was a treat.

I think of how we made each heap
Sweet trophies of Summer time.
Then to the cellar bins to keep,
Or pirate in autumn's prime
When hid 'neath straw and dirt
Like treasurers of the mine.

Then when the limbs were stripped and bare,
Rabbits in the old brush pile,
(For we left a few for them to share,)
The winter nights we would beguile
With wine-sap, pippins and russets too—
Those yesterdays bring many a smile.

Dear, grand old trees, you're mostly gone
And younger take your place—
But these thots often on me dawn,
Your old fruit had the taste.
I can smell them in the cellar yet,
As when down the stairs I raced.

There was apple-butter and apples dried,
And roasted before the grate.
I couldn't think of all if I tried and tried.
But the hour is getting late.
A screech-owl sits on an orchard bow,
I can hear him call to his mate,
"Cider and apples for two! two! who too!"

WHAT'S YOUR ANSWER?

WHAT have you in life to live for,
Something that is big and worth while?
A cause you'd be willing to die for,
And go to your death with a smile?

Have you got a job that's a man's job?
Are you trying to fill your place?
Or taking a line of resistance,
That will end you in disgrace?

Are you lazily blowing but bubbles?
Building only castles in the air?
Or out in the world's big battle,
All willing to do and dare?

Man, what a chance you have, sir!
Have you heard His, "Follow Me?"
Then into the line and remember,
It's for time and Eternity.

October 13, 1922.

MY GRANDMA

TO S. J. W.

Grandma, she's the girl, say, whee!
I asked her once to marry me
When I got big, a growed up man;
I loved her so—and still I can
Remember her sweet love for me.

She took me when a little tad;
I wasn't wanted very bad,
An' I was sick an' puny too,
An' she had so much work to do.
But she took me in spite of that.

She was the bestest sort, was she.
Made everything so good for me.
Her cookies, pies and doughnuts, say!
I'm sorry now she's gone away—
God needed her, I spose—but Oh!

She sure knew boys, I tell you what
A Grandma's hard to beat, I thot.
My best girl then, got old and gray
And left me—seems like yesterday.
If you have yours, be kind.

October 13, 1922.

SPOILING THE SONG

On the sands of the arena they stood one day,
Waiting the order that sent them away;
Forty wrestlers—Christians—were they,
And Rome had doomed them to death.

Forty wrestlers in hodden grey,
Were out on the cold bleak plains to stay;
To starve and die, yet still they pray,
And upward lift a song—

"Forty wrestlers wrestling for the Christ,
Ask of Him the victory and claim for Him the
crown."

The Roman guard heard the song in his tent,
Thru the long cold night it upward went,
To die there now seemed well content;
And upward sang their song.

Then at the dawn the brave song ceased—
Had one by death been now released?
No! One came crawling, sued for peace;
And thus he spoiled the song.

The Roman soldier took his garb,
Gave to the QUITTER his shield and sword—
Out in the cold to serve the Lord:
Left him who spoiled the song.

Soon loud again the voices rang,
The wrestlers' song once more they sang,
The forty voices with many a pang;
Full chorused, sang till death—

"Forty wrestlers wrestling for Christ.
Ask of Him the victory and claim for Him the
crown."

O you who fail to loyal stand,
Remember that 'tis noble, grand,
To testify in the wrestlers' band;
Don't fail and spoil the song—

"Forty wrestlers wrestling for the Christ.
Ask of Him the victory and claim for Him the
crown."

October 12, 1922.

LOVE'S TRANSFIGURATION

HAVE you climbed the mount of love's transfiguration?
Have you seen in light divine life's common things?
Have you seen the gold thats radient in the sunset?
Seen the the silver where the gentle moonligbt beams?

Have you noticed that the faces of your loved ones
That you've lived with all these toiling, struggling years,
Show a heavenly look of tenderness uncommon?
Caught the flash of pearls in sympathetic tears?

Have you worked along and thot these things but common?
These lovely things—the beauty God put there?
When old sweethearts you have come now to the gloaming,
Has His love transfigured life, made it a prayer?

Does your daily work to you seem but a burden?
See you not the royal task as cross you bear?
That the hands who've toiled for you and Him so willing,
Have a glory that the heavens shall declare?

Come, then! climb the mount of love's transfiguration;
See the halo love puts on earth's common things.
There is nothing cheap or mean when love adorns it.
Could we only see, love's grander than our dreams.

TO A DEAD DOG

'TWAS only a dog he killed,
But somebody's friend, you know—
And out of the dust his lifeless form
Was lovingly gathered; the blow
Was cruel, needless, so unkind:
He had needed love to give—
A good pal he, all loyalty—
He had a RIGHT TO LIVE.

THE DOCTOR BEST

THEIR little boy was blind;
He had lived that way for years:
They had no hopes that he'd ever see:
He could not see their tears.
Then one glad day a doctor man
With kindly voice, gave joy
When he said with calm assurance,
"'I'm sure I can help your boy."

The operation over;
The bandage off at last:
He saw so many wondrous things—
Surprises thick and fast.
Look at this great hospital
Where you are now a guest.
Oh yes, he said, they all are fine,
But I like the Doctor best.

Better than the nurses,
Who were so wondrous kind:
Better than flowers and brand new toys
Was the man who cured the blind.
'Tis good to see, and He who cures
Blind eyes, should stand confessed
As our best friend, we owe Him much—
I like the Doctor best.

October 12, 1922.

THE OLD STANDBY

THERE are many who start,
  But few who stick;
Yet fewer who finish—
  It makes one sick
To think how few who really try,
  That ever become a real standby.

There are many called,
  But the chosen few;
The dependable ones
  When there's work to do;
Plenty to eat your roast or fry—
  But toil demands a good standby.

The race may seem long,
  But the leader knows
It's the finish that counts,
  So in then he goes
To bravely do, if needs be to die—
  Thanking God for the old standby.

October 13, 1922.

BACK IT!

If you think a thing's worth while,
Back it!
There'll be others, never fear to attack it.
If you think the cause is just,
If in God you really trust—
It's up to you to make some dust,
Back it!

If you have a place to fill, fill it!
Roll up your sleeves, take off your jacket.
Show to others that you care,
That you're glad to do and dare—
You'll be blessed if you are there.
Back it!

Don't think it matters not, Back it!
The deserter is a coward who must
rue it.
Backing's what the right, aye needs,
Sturdy lives and noble deeds—
Hark! the mighty cause that pleads,
Back it!

THE MOUNTAINS NEVER CHANGE

"If you get puzzled," an old guide said,
"With the maze of forest ways,"
And east seems west, you've guessed and guessed,
Things all seem in a haze,
Don't take the endless death track;
Just calculate a bit.

Shin up a tree where you can see
"Old Baldy" over there;
Then take a look when you seem forsook,
Where the tall peaks pierce the air—
And remember, this is always true;
The mountains NEVER change!

When you see people groping 'round,
To find the old faith trail,
And some say this, and some that;
The old rule cannot fail—
For Prayer and Truth and God stand firm:
THE MOUNTAINS NEVER CHANGE.

October 12, 1922.

JUST TO BE LOVED

JUST to be loved for love's sweet sake,
A love so firm no power can shake
The staunchness of that true heart's
faith,
Nor leave me wander a poor waif
To bear the sneers and biting scorn,
Alone, to beat against the storm.

Just to be loved! what joy to know
That be it weal or be it woe,
Someone will ever think of me;
Some hand will ever outstretched be;
Some voice give helping words of
cheer;
Some eye to shed a kindly tear.

Just to be loved with loved unfained
Where much is given tho little gained.
The world is aching for love like this,
And when a life can find such bliss,
All pain and worry seems to flee;
All discords turn to melody.

Just to be loved by some true heart
That knows our griefs and shares a
part;
Who overlooks the soul's dark spots—
That loves the good, forgives the blots,
Lets love Divine wash them away:
Remembering they too, are clay.

JUST TO BE LOVED

Just to be loved—how many a life
In this old world of sin and strife
Could be made brave to do and dare,
If they should know there was somewhere
Someone who watched and prayed and cared
How this poor strugging mortal fared.

Just to be loved—O, hungry heart!
Thank God you are: that no small part
Of any hour art thou alone:
Thou art befriended—from His throne
He'll see that some are ever nigh
Thy deepest longings satisfy.

OLD TIMES

For old-time friends and good old days
For the shelter of old-time love—
For old-time scenes and old-time dreams,
The things we need not prove:
For old-time ways and old-time songs,
And plain, old-fashioned folks—
The time tried, fire-tried, tested kind,
That fit our old heart nooks.

BY BEDS OF PAIN

THERE is watching there is waiting thru the darkness of the night,
With each pain racked sufferer yearning for the downing of the light.
Every room along the corridor will hear a quiet tread.
And white robed forms bend tenderly beside the patient's bed.

There is helpfulness and gentleness beside those beds of pain,
To lend a willing, skillful hand to make one well again.
The healing of His seamless robe is felt where kindly hand
Has done an act of mercy, and kind hearts understand.

Sweet mercy, loving kindness, as anguished hours go by
Has lessened many a moan of pain, and many a fevered cry.
Tho in the "Vale of Shadow" the guardian still is there
Unfaltering, unfailing, to give the stricken, care.

Dear Lord, bless those who minister in loving sympathy,
And O, Thou Great Physician! may each find strength in Thee,
Their touch have Thy blest soothing to ease the hurts deep throb;
Be Thou their stay and strength we pray, Almighty Father—God.

May gratitude be richly given to those who help to heal;
Who care for pained and suffering ones, and night and day must feel
A heavy burden rest on them to answer pleading calls—
Where Life and Death are battling within four narrow walls.

Kind Lord, there's so much suffering, alone, we each must bear:
'Tis good when overburdened. Someone will gladly share
Our anxious hours, our heartaches—to watch by us in pain,
In such we feel and see Thy love, Thy dear Self once again.

JUIST GIE US A GRUP O' THE HAN'

THERE'S muckle o' grief i' this auld
airth,
An' mony a hert 'ats sair.
There's greetin' enuch an' burthens
enuch
To gie ilka mon a share.
But wheesth div ye ken its no ower hard
Tae lift a wheen load frae a mon?
Stap roun' tae th' lad 'at needs a
frien' bad,
Juist gie him a grup o' yer han'.

There's mony a thing in a body's life;
By ordinar hard to bear:
When days air a' dark an' songs air a'
deid—
Ony gait yo maun gang there's a care.
Gin a laddie cooms ben an' lauchs,
"Hoots! toots!"
I tell 't mon she's gran';
Tae tak' ye chap, an' th' brad o' yer back,
An' gie ye a grup o' yer han'.

There's ane who aye did it, the Maister,
my lad,
Had a grup for a', an' a cheer.
Ae gied them th' licht tae whin i' the
murk
A' tell 't them, "never tae fear-"
Ay bonny's the mon, an' blythe is the
oor,
Finds ye juist like a puir lost lamb—
Like ane frae abune, an' life's lanesome
dune,
Juist gie's ye a grup o' the han'.

SUPPOSE

SUPPOSE you'd die tonight, who'd care?
How many honest ters be shed
Above your grave by those you've helped
Because their friend was dead?
Would you be really, truly missed
Because you truly loved,
And led a noble, christian life?
Suppose—how would it prove?

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH

DI LEAS GU BRATH. (Highland Scotch)

In the yard of the Greyfrian Kirk,
Auld Jock a Shepherd was lain:
He'd died all alone in an old rooming house,
And mourners there were but one—
A wee bittie tyke called "Bobbie:"
Wi' Highland blood in his vein.

He bode on the grave when they filled it:
He wuldna leave, for that grave
Held the form of his dear old master;
His duty he was sure was to stay.
So he slept on the ground in the darkness,
Awaitin' the dawn o' day.

They tried wi' food and wi' kindness,
To tempt the staunch friend away:
They pitied the poor wee tykie.
He'd go out with the laddies to play—
But aye come back i' the gloaming,
Tae sleep on the sacred clay.

For fifteen years did he bide thus—
Thru storms and the winter's cold.
A story of one more loyal
Is scarcely ever has been told,
But Bobbie was raised i' the land o' leal
Of shepherds and the fold.

He got some times fair lonely:
His eyes great tears would weep,
As year after year unfailing
His lonely vigiles keep.
Looking up tae the hills ayout there,
His dear old master tae meet.

'Tis the faithfu' that have the promise,
The great Shepherd truly saith.
Dear Lord, will ye count me faithful?
May I 'till my verra last breath
Be true as sonsie wee Bobbie!
Who was faithful unto death.

GO ON!

THE road to heaven and heart's desire
Is the road that lies ahead.
There's many a hard and weary mile
That you will have to tread.
Discouragements will throng your way
But that's where you belong,
God nerve you for each fateful day—
Go on! Go on! Go on!

You may not bridge a roaring flood,
Nor win fame's golden crown,
Nor carve a wondrous masterpiece,
Nor gain earth's fair renown—
But you can do your duty well:
So journey right along.
The world has need, hands plead, you
heed.
Go on! Go on! Go on!

Don't weary of the task; 'tis yours.
A cross looms up, and nails,
And sacrifice awaits—allures.
Will you be one who fails?
Thy pain is sweet when love can lift,
And suffering right the wrong.
"Set steadfastly thy face;" take heart—
Go on! Go on! Go on!

CA' CANNY!

Ca' canny noo! ye ken tis weel
Tae no be ower gey mon.
Yer waukin whiles the gait yersel',
Gin ye cauld only see mon.

Ye needa curl yer neb an' smirk—
Thaur 're mony air as guid sir—
Then blatna ithers faults sae loud—
Till ye hae nane o' yer ain sir.

Ca' canny! fer ye canna tell
The rizzon why he gangs sae.
The hert's aft richt when clathes air auld—
It's weel enuch tae min' sae.

Noo lad an' lassie, hark ye till!
A sair hert needs na wrang tae it.
Juist speir him weel, tho muckle wrang—
Ca' canny! ye'll no add tae it.

FLOWERS OF THE HEART—TEARS

"MINDFUL of thy tears" ay comrade of mine,
I saw them come unbidden to your eyes.
Tears—real: deep-souled and burning hot:
I read this message and my heart was glad.
Words fail me; nor can human lips express
What your tears meant to me.

I needed them. That noble tribute given
Of comradeship—a wreath of rarest flowers,
Heart born and sweet with consolation.
Forget them? No! As treasures they'll be kept
As diamonds of devotion, as stars of hope,
To cheer me on when skies are dark with gloom.

Vanished now 'tis true, yet their kind work is done:
New strength they gave me to suffer and to bear.
It was winter in my soul that day, I knew
A sword awaited me. I must not weaken
Lest the cause I loved should thereby fail.
Your tears kept me a man.

Glad I am you were not ashamed to weep.
So glad to show you shared with me the thorn.
You made for me a rainbow in your tears
That told of tenderness like Him of old
Who stood by one of Bethany's best loved,
And showed His love in honest, loyal tears.

Tho much alone, I am not sore cast down,
I meet my destiny that maybe looks like doom.
The world is big and oftimes selfish too,
Yet God I thank for just one loyal friend,
All unashamed may dare espouse thy cause,
And weep when my eyes must be dry.

Like rain drops, wooing meadows parced and brown,
Comrade of mine my soul you have refreshed.
Where the olive garden lieth near ahead
Mankind will ever need the like of you.
And some place where the flowers Eternal bloom,
Thy tears shall grow transplanted in the Paradise
of God.

WHEN OLD THANKSGIVIN' TIME COMES ROUND

When the grass is brown and withered,
  And the wind is bitin' cold,
When the woods has lost her kivering of green;
  While the quail is whistlin' lonesome,
From beneath the leafless hedge,
  Not a single sign of summer to be seen.
When the corn has all been gathered,
  And the pumpkins all been hauled—
'Cept the few that's left a freezin' on the ground;
  When the turkeys are a struttin'
And the geese are fat an' fine,
  Jist the time for old Thanksgivin' to come round.

When the butcherin's all over
  And the sausage all been stuffed,
And the youngsters stand around with wistful eye;
  But their Ma's a writin' letters
To the ones away from home,
  There'll be somethin' sure a doin' bye and bye.
The fruit cake's in the bureau,
  And the gobbler's in the coop,
The bustin biggest one as I'll be bound;
  For there's nothinin' fine and fancy
That's too good fer our home folks,
  When that happy ole Thanksgivin' time comes round.

WHEN OLD THANKSGIVIN' TIME COMES ROUND

Oh, we are all a feelin' thankful,
  With lots to eat and wear,
Even tho a place is vacant round the board.
  We are thankful God has spared us,
And blessed us as He has,
  So we're glad to render thanks unto the Lord.
For we know its all been kindness,
  He has meeted to us here;
We can count that He's our friend all safe an' sound
  And with all our friends and turkeys,
With the flurries of the day,
  We will thank Him when Thanksgivin' comes
    around.

IF——?

If God treated you as you treat Him,
I wonder how you'd like it?
If He were indifferent, neglectful and cold
As you—wouldn't you tell Him to "hike it?"
He will not chide forever, He says.
We'd better not then presume;
He'll square accounts, we are sure of that;
Either here, or beyond the tomb.

LITTLE OLD PARDNER OF MINE

TO COLONEL

THE days have merged into years since you
And I have followed the trail;
Your joyous bark resound no more
On hillside and in dale.
But sad and sweet are the thots of you;
For whether in rain or shine,
We were made for each other, and all kinds of weather—
Little old pardner of mine.

Winter and summer have come and gone:
The grass grows green on your grave
Where the sweet little blue forget-me not
In the summer sun will wave.
Ay, friends, I have and a wealth of love:
But for you I often pine,
From dawn to the gloaming, when alone I go roaming—
Little old pardner of mine.

I wouldn't forget you: you were loyal
and kind.
No other can take your place.
There's a spot in my heart that is sacred
to you,
I dream of your eager face
And the life that was all too short for
me.
Shall we not meet again sometime,
Where the trail will wind thru a death-
less clime,
Little old pardner of mine?

A WISH

I WANT to be the least bother I can be.
I want no one to be overburdened for me.
I would cause no hearts to ache, I'd heal the ones
that break:
And follow close, the "Man of Galilee."
I want to go down with all my flags afly,
When sunkissed clouds still float across the sky.
With no sad last good bye when death's angel
hovers nigh.
Just to slip away without a sob or sigh.

SLEEPING ON THE HILLSIDE BACK AT HOME

IN MEMORY OF FATHER

In the silent, peaceful church-yard
Where so many loved ones sleep,
On his lowly couch of clay we laid him down;
And the pure white snow of heaven
Like the mantle of God's love,
Drifts today across that lonely new made mound.

Over there the giant tree-tops
Neath whose shade he used to play,
Chant a sad and loving requium; and the moan
Of the night-wind thru their branches
Tell of unforgotten days—
He is sleeping on the hillside back at home.

O, ye kindly sunlight linger
And ye joyful song-birds sing—
Let not our father feel that he's alone.
Murmur softly "Little Beaver"
As a Mother's lullaby-
Papa's sleeping on the hillside back at home.

And you whose feet come hither,
Drop a flower, perchance a tear,
On the grave of one who never more will roam
From the paths he trod in childhood—
He has come at last to rest.
Now he's sleeping on the hillside back at home.

OUR BEST GIFT

Of all the things I had to bestow
  When the call of love came strong
I sought the best, but what was the test?
  For I couldn't afford to be wrong.
I had little to give, and the best was thot cheap;
  In a world of pride and pelf,
When a sweet voice said from the tree where He
    bled—
  "The gift of gifts is yourself."

Yes, silver and gold have both their dross,
  They are cold, unfeeling and dead;
But a heart that is true, and is longing to do
  With blood that is willing to shed,
Is the greatest boon that one can bestow;
  The sweetest that God or man can receive—
The gift of gifts is thyself.

IF I FORGET

Tho wandered far away from home
A sacred place of worship none,
My heart with longings lone and sad;
This Comfort comes to make me glad—
That tho my cheeks with tears are wet,
Jehovah's house I'll not forget.

I'll not forget that sacred shrine
Where I met God full many a time,
And He spoke peace unto my soul
That lasts tho troubled billows roll.
My face toward Him still is set:
I'll not forget, I'll not forget.

Could I forget the place of prayer
For tents of sin, O would I dare
To live aloof forgetful of
The wooings of that heavenly dove?
Tho evil snares my paths beset,
By God's own grace, I'll not forget.

Can I forget the love that brought
My soul from bondage, cleaned it's blot?
Can I grow cold and thus abide
Away from that dear wounded side?
Can I forget He paid the debt
That set me free? Can I forget?

Can I forget the songs of old,
The sweet, sweet story that was told;
The seal of God upon my brow,
That binds me to Him even now?
The voice of prayer for me was said,
The place where God's own word was
read?
Some things in life I must regret,
Let it not be, that I forget.

If I forget, let tears like rain
Wash from my soul that guilty stain.
If I forget, send storm and cloud
Till at the Mercy Seat I'm bowed.
Forget not me and love me yet:
Lord, bring me back, if I forget.

LULLABY

HUSH-a-by-o-by-o baby,
Close your little eyes in sleep.
Mother's arms are 'round about you
And your Father's love will keep
When the dangers close about you.
Rest my darling little sweet.

I'M A WEARYIN' FOR YOU

THE days seem long and lonesome,
  While you are far away,
An' the blossoms lose their fragrance
  Whiles my hert yearns a' the day
Jist to see yer bonny face dear;
  I'm a waiting fer ye noo:
An' I keep a longin', longin'—
  I'm a wearyin' fer you.

This world seems aye like heaven
In the sunshine o' yer smile:
I'm a greeting fer ye sairly,
Will ye no come soon the while?
I'm a waitin' in the gloaming
Aye an' a' the long night thru
Fer the soundin' of yer foot fa'
I'm a wearyin' fer you.

ALL IS FOR THE BEST"

I HEARD from a trusting mother
In days that are long since gone.
These words that had a ripple
Like the music of a song.
And they always seemed to cheer her
With a calm abiding rest,
As her lips were heard to utter,
"All is for the best."

No doubts could seem to waver
That faith's triumphant creed,
The solace of all sorrow,
The surity in need.
No sting in disappointment
And every loss was blest,
When foreordained by love divine—
"All is for the best."

We may not always see it,
Yet somehow it is good,
And rebellion cannot happen,
When God is understood.
No truth can bring more comfort
To a heart with cares oppressed;
A loving hand leads all the way
And "all is for the best."

THE PRICE OF POWER

Long I sought to know the secret
  Of that force that one can wield,
With a Princely might all conquering
  On the world's great battle field:
Well I know it was not human,
  Passed down as a giant's dower;
Not of blood, or brawn, or sinew,
  Was the path to royal power.

Then I walked beneath the shadow
  In an olive garden, old,
And the grey leaves seemed to whisper
  A sweet story often told:
Would you stand among the mighty?
  Then never cringe or cower—
If you have the Master's passion,
  You can have the Master's power.

Would you lift a weakened brother?
  Let your heart then burn for him.
Woulds't have power with God Almighty?
  Pray until your eyes are dim.
Never falter in your duty,
  Never waste a single hour.
You can have the Master's passion,
  You can have the Master's power.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY

To the ones all discouraged on life's toilsome road,
Where the mountains rise high and frown,
There's nothing on earth can make you stop
If you simply can't be kept down.
Just dare the danger, you'll scale the peaks,
Let no fears keep you at bay,
With a heart that is strong, march right along—
For, "Where there's will there's a way."

The battle is fierce, but what of that,
There's something worth while to win,
So bare your arm, like the warrior born,
And conquer the hosts of sin.
'Tis not the person who fights and runs,
But the one who is there to stay,
Who wins at last, tho with dying gasp,
Aye! "Where there's a will there's a way."

Nerve, nerve then my will, O God of all grace,
A weakling I never would be,
Nor ever fall short in doing my part
In the service I render to Thee.
Help me to stand at the very last ditch,
Tho arms be all broken, I pray,
Assured of a crown when life's sun goes down,
For, "Where there's a will there's a way."

THE SONG BY THE CRYSTAL SEA

When all of earth's music is ended,
And the voices are hushed that sang,
When the keyes of the organ are silent
Where once the sweet melody rang:
When the last sad lonely pilgrim
Hangs his harp on the willow tree—
There'll be music swell at the Sunset;
The song by the Crystal Sea.

Earth's music is harsh and discordant;
Our hearts are oft sad as we sing:
But our Father gives ear to our praises—
'Tis to Him a sweet offering.
What tho our tears should commingle,
And we sing in a minor key,
There will be no sighs at the glad sunrise—
On the shores of the Crystal Sea.

No tears shall choke our glad voices,
Or hinder the music's deep swell,
For each one shall sing till the high arches ring
Like the tones of Eternity's bell.

The voices once cracked and discordant
Shall full of sweet harmony be
As we join with the band on the Golden
Strand,
In that song by the Cyrstal Sea.

Each one shall do their own singing;
None silent for fear of shame;
For no one shall sing for money,
And no one shall sing for fame—
But each with a voice full of gladness
Shall sing in notes rich and free:
God's mercy and grace give each one a
place
In the Choir by the Crystal Sea.

God's chosen from all climes and kin-
dreds,
Shall be found in his own proper place;
They shall sing in the language of
Heaven—
Regardless of color or race.
All voices shall blend without discord
In the song of grand Victory,
May we strive with a will that a place
we may fill—
In the song by the Crystal Sea.

TO JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

In the roll- call of the ages, of the hero, artist, sage—
Fame has writ in golden letters on her bright and sacred page
Names of those who wrought for others, helped to brighten life's dark road;
Words of cheer and deeds of kindness, as we bore our heavy load.

Men of wealth and men of power have not found undying fame—
While an obscure lowly craftsman, suddenly hath found his name
Written large upon the tablets where pride of ages shine.
Highest tribute, brightest laurels, "Hoosier Poet," they are thine!

Thine, for making humble toilers see the beauty of the sod—
Thine, for helping doubting children learn to trust their Father, God—
Thine, for teaching man the message of the gentle murmuring breeze
And the music of the wild-wood, singing low among the trees.

TO JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Thou hast made the home-tie stronger by "That
Old Sweetheart of Mine,"
And the world has seemed more gentle since you
told man, "Just Be Kind."
"Old Aunt Mary," wakes an echo of the joyous
long ago—
And we often linger, fondly, over good old "Trading
Joe."

Sing on then O, master poet, tho the snows of winter
come—
Sing the songs of summer-sunshine even till the day
is done.
Then the murmur of the night-wind shall forever
bear thy song,
And the echo of the requiem shall remain, when
thou art gone.

October, 1911.

I TOO, HAVE KNOWN

We live in a world full of heartaches,
Where there's a crying need to be kind,
Yet how many fail to give comfort,
Or peace to the troubled of mind.
All because they are not sympathetic,
Real helpfulness fails to be shown;
They never have been where you are—
And so they have never known.

I have known the joy of forgiveness,
So I know what it is to sin.
I can feel for the erring and outcast
By a love that knows would I win.
Tempted in all points as others,
I have had my devils to fight:
I have won by a power to me given—
So I know the power of His might.

I have sorrowed for losses unmeasured,
That have left me poor and alone.
Ay, yes! heart-broken, tear blinded,
I have found my way to the Throne.
Friend, I know what it is to be lonely;
And so when I hear others moan
For loved ones never returning—
I tell them, I too have known.

Have others been disappointed?
I have sailed ships that never returned.
Have others been blamed all unjustly?
My soul too, o'er such things has burned.
I have waited for prayers to be
answer:ed:
Hoped for love where it never was
shown.
Soul scarred, I long to lift others—
And tell them, I too have known.

NOT JUST FOR YOU

The blessings that are yours from day to day
Are not for you alone, so share I pray.
His gifts are only blessed, when you lovingly divide:
And they multiply in worth. This is Christ's way.
There's nothing that you have belongs to you.
'Tis lent, that He may teach you to be true
To loving needs that call, to give, to sacrifice.
So share, altho your bounties seem but few.

AUTUMN

FRIEND, stop a bit and think of it!
A chill is in the air,
The grain is in the barrel and bin,
Well ladened everywhere.

The smoky haze of autumn days
Drifts out along the sky—
The woodchuck sleeps, the wood-pile
heaps;
The song birds Southward fly.

The fading leaves are on the trees,
And winter marches on:
The colors blaze in woodland maze,
The Summer days are gone.

Of passing time let us remind,
To work while work we may,
For garnered sheaves and autumn leaves
Teach us to toil and pray.

So stop a bit and think of it
Like autumn's glorious crown,
Will you winter greet your work com-
plete,
When you to rest lie down?

THE TEST

It is not what you give that's the measure,
But what you have left that counts:
That shows whether love means denial;
Sacrifice is not told by amounts.

There are those who give from their plenty,
Showing no self denial. They fall
Clear below the poor widow He tells of:
Who giving two mites, gave all.

Great love and real consecration
Goes the limit where there's a real need.
The size of our gift is no test then.
Did we go to the place we bleed?

THE GOSSIP

THAT human skunk who flings her surmises
To a circle of females, who like stinking surprises,
Is a cross twixt a devil and a foul turkey buzzard;
Tho mayhaps she does wear an old mother hubbard.

She's the worst thing around with her tongue of hell-fire—
This would-be-newspaper with her fiendish desire
To tell what "they say" over some back yard fence,
Diabolically waiting the accursed consequence.

There should be a big island somewhere in the moon,
Where such busy-bodies should be banished in gloom,
To learn such a lesson that will keep their tongues still,
That this Earth is established for peace and good will.

When a lie is once started who knows where 'twill stop.
A thing so malicious on a foul tongue should rot.
A dirty, low, villanous, clash peddling hag,
Like an unneeded cat, should be sewed in a bag.

If such thing should happen the streams would all swell
There'd be a rush business in a hot place called hell.
The world would be freed from a sin that is great,
But the poor fiish would have a bad stomach ache.

KEEP STILL

If you have a hasrh thot, don't say it;
Don't coin that thing into ill,
Dismiss it at once from your mind,
friend,
'Tis better unsaid: Keep still!

Don't cause another deep anguish;
For hearts can be broken until
The joy of life trickles out, dear—
Then don't be unkind: Keep still!

Your tongue had better be silent,
Than speak a word that may kill.
'Tis murder as if with a dagger.
In mercy and pity, Keep still!

'Tis words that condemn or uplift one—
We can do with them just as we will;
But judged by them sure we'll be some
day:
Then speak truth in love, or Keep still.

MY FATHER'S PRAYER

AMONG the many memories that crown the dear old home.
Some sacred ones I'll near forget no matter where I roam;
There's one that comes into my heart, and lightens many a care,
It is a dear old Father's evening prayer.

CHORUS—

I see him kneeling there, within the fire-light's glare
To offer up to God the evening prayer,
I see him kneeling there, beside the old arm chair:
I still can hear that Father's evening prayer.

The family Bible from its stand (that dear old sacred book)
Each evening with a reverent hand that loving Father took:
He read its blessed truth to us while Angels hovered there,
To listen to a Father's evening prayer.

That family altar's broken down, the old hearth-
stone is cold,
And voices hushed and loved ones dear are gathered
to the fold.
But still I seem to hear a voice and see that old arm-
chair,
And listen to a Father's evening prayer.

O, Father, you are struggling hard for those your
heart holds dear,
But has the HOME AN ALTAR where to God you oft
draw near?
While loved ones kneel your voice is raised to plead
Jehovah's care—
O, let Him hear to-night thy evening prayer!

WELL DONE!

"WELL done!" O, balm of sweet comfort—
When the efforts we've made are complete.
What cheer it brings to the toiler,
When someone those words repeat.

"Well done!" Tho the work be imperfect:
Perhaps 'twas the best they could do—
The product of honest endeavor.
What more can the world ask of you?

"Well done!" even tho the hand trembled,
So anxious you were to succeed:
Thy work may be stained by thy tear-drops—
So deep was the feeling of need.

"Well done!" If love were thy motive,
No matter how clumsy thy art
'Twill hang with the great MASTER-PIECES.
'Tis grand if it come from the heart.

The world may offer no laurels:
Refusing thee riches and fame.
Never mind! struggle on and be faithful—
For there's One who will never disdain.

WELL DONE!

In a realm far beyond yonder sunset,
Wait the gifts that thy faithfulness won.
There the Master, of Earth's true Workmen,
Shall say unto thee, "WELL DONE!"

WHEN THE DEAD LIVE

WHEN we remember the dead, they live again
Tho buried six feet beneath the sod,
We resurrect them from the silent clod,
As we think of them with joy or pain.

They come to us in vision and dreams:
We feel them near and near they are—
The spirit world is near, not far;
And death cannot be what it seems.

When we think of the dead, they live again.
Love sees them as in days gone by—
Transfigured, beautiful, they cannot die,
Tho in the tomb they long have lain.

[Tune—Ferguson.]

PRAYER-MEETING

O LORD we gather here,
  We bring our wants to Thee:
To Thee whose blood for sins atone,
  We seek Thy grace so free.

This sweet and solemn hour,
  We spend with joyous love:
Hear Thou our plea Thy blessings send,
  Our every doubt remove.

To aching hearts give peace,
  Forgive and cleanse from sin.
May fellowship be close and sweet
  While witnessing for Him.

Holy Spirit, comfort give,
  New life and light afford;
As needy creatures humbly bow
  Before our blessed Lord.

O make this hour of prayer
  The greatest hour we know;
May it, like Hermon's mountain side,
  Our Master's glory show.

Rich blessings give to all,
  Let souls be satisfied;
Lord, open wide loves golden gate,
  Faith cannot be denied,

THE WISH OF JOSEPH BEN-JACOB

BURY me in Egypt,
'Neath the Palm tree's kindly shade—
Nor, yet in the Mausoleums
Where the bones of kings are laid.
Tho the scent of blossoms commingle
Where the golden sunbeams smile,
'Twould seem to me most lonely
To sleep on the banks of the Nile.

Bury me not in Egypt,
Tho here have I ruled on a throne.
'Tis not the land of JEHOVAH—
Tho it has been to me a home.
This land has been kind to an exile—
This land of the lotus bloom:
But swear to me, brothers, that MIZRIAM
Shall never be Joseph's tomb.

Bury me not in Egypt,
I fain would go home to sleep
'Neath the oaks on the hills of Shechem,
Where the shadows are cool and deep.
I have had a full measure of honor,
And the world has given its best—
So carry me back to the Home-land,
And lay me away to rest.

DINNAH FASH, HE'LL NO' FORGET

GIN ye think the warl' is michty
An' yersel' a wee sma' pairt,
Thet th' God wha rules abune it
Willna hae ye in His hert.
Read then hoo the Maister sayeth,
'Thet a sparrow sallna get
Bruised tae airth wi'oot His seein':
Dinnna fash, He'll no' forget.

Aft th' day is lang an' weary;
Whiles th' wark wi' sorry pace
Gangs ahirplin spite o' hert aches,
Courage a'maist deid, when grace
Lats ye fael His airm aroun' ye;
Thet His een wi' tears air wet;
Whispers saft, "He kens, He loves ye."
Dinna fash, He'll no' forget.

Suld yir blessing seem tae linger:
Mony a year ye've had tae wait,
Bide a wee, juist keep atrustin';
Coome they will they'll no' belate.
Mony a thousand herts air waitin',
Each wi' need thet maun be met:
Gin ye be His ain—His Bairnie;
Dinna fash, He'll no' forget.

THANKS TO THE GREAT SPIRIT

GREAT Spirit called by white men—God,
Hark to thy child, I plead,
Only an Indian, yet I love,
So to my words give heed.

I thank Thee O thou mighty one
For the flowers, for the streams, the trees,
For the bird song, for the murmuring
brook,
The music of the breeze.

I thank Thee for the starry night,
The moonlight o'er the hill.
Teach me to keep the trail of truth:
To do my great Chief's will.

O, Manitou! may I read the signs;
May my heart be strong and true,
That I may never lose the trail.
My thanks I give to You.

THE SOUL OF A PIONEER

When the hearth-fire gleams
There come to me dreams
From out of the long ago,
And I seem to see what is joyful to me
In the flickering fire-light glow,
Where the old crane swings,
And the kettle sings,
Old days again draws near—
And my heart it yearns,
As the bright fire burns;
I've the Soul of a Pioneer.

I love the wood
With its quiet mood;
I love the trees that grow
By the silvery streams where the sun
rays gleam,
Where the waters gently flow.
I love old trails
In the hidden vales—
To scout them far and near.
The Almighty hand
Has made them grand,
To the Soul of the Pioneer.

SOMEBODY CARES

"SOMEBODY cares"; 'tis music,
'Tis sweet indeed when it's true
And the heart all sad and lonely
Makes us feel downcast and blue:
When love gives a little token—
A bit of its sunshine shares:
The clouds dissolve into brightness:
To know that Sombody cares.

"Somebody cares"; 'tis joyous,
To know you are kept in mind,
In a world of so many interests
Somebody has time to be kind.
Somebody thinks of you often,
Remembers you in their prayers:
Shows a bit of appreciation:
And you knew that Somebody cares.

"Somebody cares"; if they didn't,
This life would be barren indeed.
If the hungry heart should go longing
And the starving eyes should plead
And plead in vain without answer;
'Till at last all in vain one despairs—
Thank God for the tokens, tho little,
Which tells you that SOMEBODY CARES.

WAITING WHERE THE PICKET'S OFF FOR HIM

A LITTLE lassie waited at a picket fence each day
For the brawny engineer that ran the train.
She waved a loving hand to him when starting on
his run,
Aud was there to welcome him back home again.

He took a picket off and thus the bonny face could
then
Better see her papa, as with dimpled chin
She waved to him her greeting, never once was
known to fail,
As she waited where the picket's off for him.

'Twas a winter's day he missed her; anxious was
her father's heart.
Home he came to find her soul had gone away,
But she left for him a message that was full of
tender love
That made him bow his soul oftime to pray.

"Tell papa I am sorry I wasn't there—but then
An angel came to take me back again;
Tell him not to be sorry, to never once forget
I'll be waiting where the picket's off for him."

That little voice is speaking a message to us now,
Don't forget the love that's due heavenly kin
As the Savior comes to meet us, let us welcome
Him with smiles,
And be waiting where the picket's off for Him.

AWA' HAME

Awa' hame noo tis time tae gang,
I've bided ower lang—
I'll slip awa' the gloaming fa's
I'll gie this bit o' sang
An tak' the rod thet bonny feet
Has left a trail fer me;
Guid night! auld friens tasane an a'—
Awa' hame quietly.

MONEY MAD

A MISER he, who'd rather see
His children cry for bread,
Than spend his miserable gains,
That the hungry may be fed.

His wife must beg for every cent.
He gives with grudging hand
That barely covers nakedness.
Is a thing like that, a man?

If sickness comes they may get well,
Or die, he little cares.
He pets his gold like a dear child,
And says to it his prayers.

His heart is turned to stone, and he
Hears not the cry of need.
The world can go to hell, if he
Can satisfy his greed.

Nobody loves such selfish souls—
One may be near of kin,
He blights the baby buds of trust,
And frosts our love for him.

There's nothing more despised than he
Who greedy is for gain,
And lacks the milk of kindness, so
He heeds not. Cries are vain.

His beady eyes, his feverish hand
All tell of a soul gone bad.
He'd keep his gold tho sent to hell;
For he is money mad.

A MYSTERY

NEVER 'till the shadows deepen,
  Will the sun show brightest gold.
Never till the rain has fallen,
  Will the lily fair unfold.
Never till the heart is broken,
  Will its tenderness be told.
Sheep whose feet are sore with wandring,
  Cling the closest to the fold.
Harps and hearts grow sweet and mellow
  As they lovingly grow old.

LOVE THINKETH NO EVIL

Love thinketh no evil, why should it?
For true love we know to be kind,
And never delights in fault hunting,
Nor magnifies flaws it may find.
Suspicion, a great heart can't harbor—
And doubt from the mind it will spurn;
Seeking good, and ever believing:
In gossip, no part nor concern.

The best of us have imperfections;
But love has a mantle to spread
Over things that we know to be weakness—
Yet maybe shall carry 'till dead.
What the love of God has forgiven
The love of mankind should not judge;
There's sorrow enough without holding
The least bit of malice or grudge.

So let us speak well of each other—
Let the low and the mean think the ill.
If we want to find fault, look within us;
There is plenty there—and until
God bids us to sit in stern judgment,
Let us rather to lift than to lower.
Others' motives and hearts not to question—
If weak, we should love them the more.

HE LOVES ME STILL

SIMON PETER had denied Him—
Man's most precious, kindest friend;
He had boasted he'd be faithful,
Ever loyal to the end.
When the Savior's need was pressing,
Peter feared—he cursed and swore.
Then the Master looked upon him:
The Deciple's heart was sore.

Yes, He said I would deny Him,
Knew my boasting was in vain,
What is that, can it be tear-drops?
Then I must have caused Him pain.
Coward I am to thus deny Him,
And my soul with loathings fill;
Why did I not have more courage?
See! that look—He loves me still.

There into the night goes Simon,
And that love-look makes him weep:
While the Savior goes to Calv'ry,
Where a few their vigils keep.
Simon mourns, but now determines
He will do the Master's will—
Saved by that one look of pity:
Tho I've sinned, He loves me still.

"TRULY THIS WAS THE SON OF GOD"

A CENTURION stood at the foot of the Cross,
A heathen, but still a man;
As a soldier he'd seen many heroes die,
And now as he watched on Calvary,
Gave the world a creed—took a stand.

He heard the words of the "Suffering One;"
Saw the loved face that was marred;
Saw the patience, tenderness, agony there,
Of the Nazarene, the One who would dare
To save, by a body scarred.

So he saw that Jesus was MORE than a man,
As he stood there on Calvary's sod;
And up to the Cross from his heart went a prayer,
For he saw the Divine in the One hanging there—
"Truly, this was the Son of God."

And yet there are heathenish people today,
Fail they say in Christ to see God:
Are they Christians indeed who hold such a creed,
Have they ever stood, seen the dear Savior bleed?
"Truly, this was the Son of God."

WHERE THE SUNSET KISSED THE WEST

When the evening shadows lengthen,
Out across life's burdened years;
And the light comes stealing softly
Quieting our anxious fears;
We shall hear His gentle whisper
Lulling us to peaceful rest,
For we'll meet Him in the gloaming—
Where the Sunset Kissed the West.

Jesus, master, we are watching
For that radiant form of thine;
Wilt Thou come before the darkness?
Come in Thine appointed time.
Savior dear. O, make us ready,
For that hour supremely blest;
When Thy glory guilds the heavens—
And the Sunset Kiss the West.

May we not grow faint or weary,
Languish at these tasks of ours;
Use we every blessed privilege;
Sanctify our God-sent powers,
But our Lord, amidst the turmoil,
May we not forget the best;
Longing, hoping, praying, trusting—
'Till the Sunset Kiss the West.

Come our King at glowing noontide;
Or when the evening shadows fall,
We'll be watching, longing, waiting;
Christ of God, our "all in all."
'We shall not all sleep": but change us;
That we may not fail of rest,
When the evening shadows lengthen—
When the Sunset Kissed the West.

FOR OLD TIMES SAKE

For old times sake lets sing a song—
  For days forever gone:
With tear-dimmed eyes and husky voice,
  For old times sake, sing on.
For old time faces that we've loved;
  For hands we used to clasp:
Sweet vintage of old memories—
  Mellowed in sacred past.

For old times sake we'll bravely sing—
  Then let our voices ring:
Those yesterdays be ne'er forget.
  New days can never bring
What we have cherished, loved and lost;
  They're not ours to bemoan.
Each other we shall meet and greet,
  Somewhere in Home, Sweet Home.

TO MY PRINTER, MR. KALB

PRINTER and poet are links in a chain,
  And a kind old man, with little to gain,
Has bowed his form for many an hour,
  To make this small book a life lifting power.

Thankful I am for his skill and his care—
  He, too, is an artist, on page white and fair.
He has printed the thots that for ages will keep;
  That will cause some to smile and others to weep.

And so together the book we have made:
  That will live, we are hoping, when we have been laid
Away in the earth when our tasks are all done,
  And an angel voice calls us at set of the sun.

So thanks to my helper, your patient hands wrought
  To make a fair casket for my plain gems of thot:
And if you are nobler, tho older and sad,
  Helping me to help others, will help you to be glad.

West Rushville, O., Nov. 9, 1922. J. B. W.

THE END

THE book's last page shall be finished;
The song's last note shall cease;
Our last goodbye be spoken;
And then may there come—peace.

There's an END to all things human;
May it come like the light of dawn,
And not like a cloud of darkness—
That we fear to look upon.

The END—'tis sad when we reach it
If there were nothing for us beyond,
But the END is oft a beginning
Of things for which we have longed.

So LITTLE BOOK we thus end you;
In life , the best may come last—
But Eternity is still on before us:
Thank God, it will never be past.

Influence may be like a circle;
Like the ring with which lovers are wed,
Going on with a power unbroken—
Tho sometime they say we are dead.

THE END

The END—yet for us a sequel,
A future, and so, dear friend,
Tho the last page is done, sweet memory
Loves on and there's really no

END.

JENNIE
LOVE
WILLIAMSON

1878 — 1922

KIND LOVING TRUE

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71